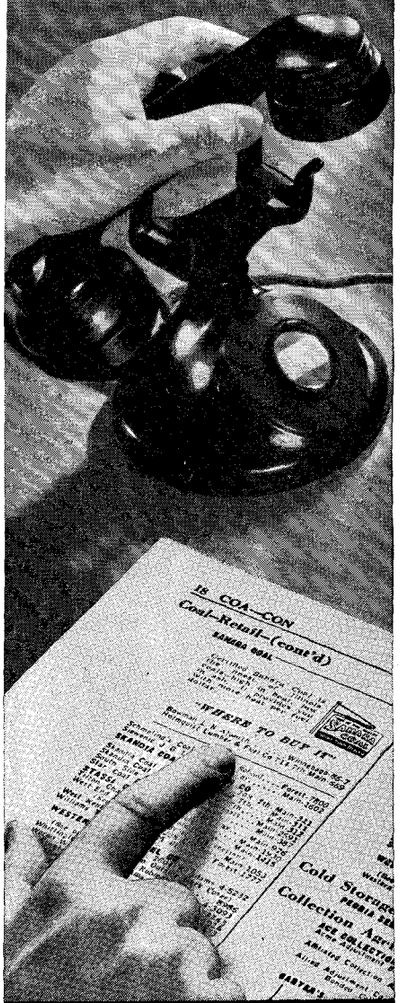
Do you shop at 2 miles per hour

OR 186,000 miles per second?



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The Literary Digest

FOR SEPTEMBER 26, 1936

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Contents

MAIL 2
TOPICS OF THE DAY 5
TOPICS IN BRIEF 11
FOREIGN COMMENT 12
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 18
LETTERS AND ART 20
DRAMA 24
SOCIAL SERVICE 28
OFF-SIDE 33
FASHIONS 34
PRESS 36
PARADE 38
SPORTS 40
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 44
THE SPICE OF LIFE 48

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Mail

Grammar Again and Again

Sir:—In your issue of September 5, under the mail column subtitle "Grammar Again," you print a letter from F. E. Spencer, who objects to the use of "all . . . not" for "not all." In his letter of protest he falls into an error which, in my opinion, is as serious as the one to which he takes exception.

He writes: "I am sure *that* if this sentence had been submitted to any careful student or any recognized authority of the proper use of English, *that* the reading thereof would have been changed . . ."

I believe the second "that" is unnecessary and meaningless.

WILLIAM A. LEWIS.

Trinidad, Colorado.

Sir:—In your issue of September 5, F. E. Spencer, of Chicago, in criticizing a grammatical construction used in THE LITERARY DIGEST, himself falls into a palpable error in the following expression:

> "I am sure that if this sentence had been submitted to any careful student or any recognized authority of the proper use of English, that the reading thereof would have been changed," etc.

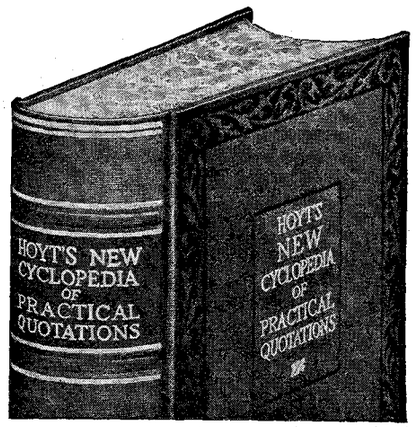
I am sure that, if this sentence had been submitted to any careful student or any recognized authority on the proper use of English, the second "that" would have been omitted.

THOMAS H. DANIEL.

Columbia, South Carolina.

[May these letters demonstrate to Mr. Spencer—and others—why copy-editors and proof-readers oftentimes suffer insomnia.—*Editor*]

(Continued on page 47)



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JIMMY DURANTE (THE BEAK) and TED HEALY (THE WAG) go belligerent in INGRAM'S Shaving Contest!

$2,500 FIRST PRIZE : ALSO 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES

Durante says
"COOLNESS"
"THAT COOLNESS—TEDDIE—IT'S SUPER-COLOSSAL. THAT LUXURY. IT FEELS LIKE A FACIAL—A NASAL—WHY SHOULD I PALPITATE ABOUT ECONOMY—GIVE ME LUXURY —GIVE ME THE WORKS —GIVE ME THE CHAIR!"
Healy says
"ECONOMY"
"BUT YOU DUMB STOOGE—OR RATHER, MR. DURANTE—A CONCENTRATED CREAM LASTS YOU LONGER. YOU SAVE MONEY—AND MONEY IS USEFUL FOR IT HELPS TO DISTINGUISH THE MAN FROM THE ANIMAL. OH, WELL, SKIP IT, JIMMY, SKIP IT!"
Answer this simple question in 50 words or less
Which is more important to You?
1 INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
2 INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

"WHAT DO MEN like best about Ingram's?"—its whisker-wilting "Coolness" or the amazing "Economy" of its concentrated form. That's the dispute we want settled, and for winning answers we're offering big *cash prizes!*

It's a simple contest, and easy to enter. And for the pay-off there's a Grand Prize of $2,500—also ten prizes of $100 each and 2,000 prizes of genuine Rubberset Shaving Brushes worth $2.00 of any shaver's money.

Coolness vs. Economy—that's the battle. Jimmy Durante says "Coolness." Ted Healy, feature player in M-G-M's "San Francisco," says "Economy." But don't take their word—get a jar or tube of Ingram's and write your own reasons.

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But before you vote "Coolness"—test Ingram's "Economy." A little Ingram's goes a longer way because it's concentrated, with a laboratory record over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and cool, cool shaves from the same amount of cream. Actually—a morsel as small as a green pea whips up into a cloudburst of cooling lather.

TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US!

Get Ingram's today in the handy jar or convenient tube. Try this famous shaving cream and then send us your entry. Follow the simple, easy rules in the box to the right. Remember—*your face can't lose!*

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 509, Elizabeth, N. J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in the January 30, 1937, issue of Liberty.

4. All entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated*

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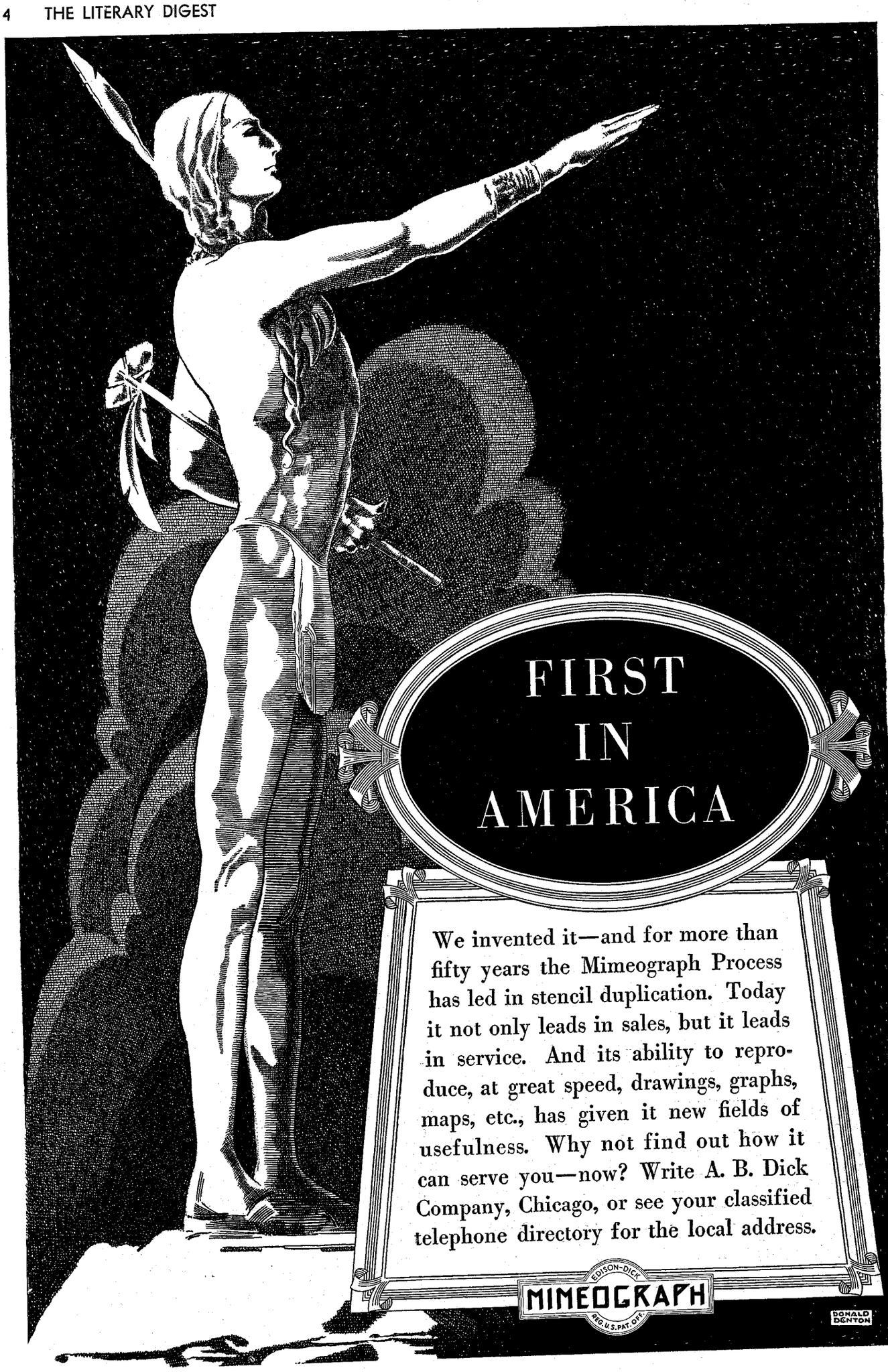
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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 26, 1936

Topics of the day

STRIKE CLOUDS OVER THE GOLDEN GATE

San Francisco Remembers 1934 and Watches the Water-Front

When the morning mists unveil hill-ringed, island-studded San Francisco Bay, one can see, west from lofty Telegraph Hill, great passenger liners and freighters, coastwise vessels and fishing craft silhouetted against the skeleton of the Golden Gate Bridge. To the east, a bustle of shipping ruffles the blue harbor, dissected by a second huge transbay span. Below, along the broad water-front Embarcadero, sturdy stevedores heave cosmopolitan cargoes from ship to dock and from dock to ship.

That is the picture to-day. It was different two years ago. Week after week in the early summer of 1934, few ships crossed the Golden Gate. Most of those that did lay idly at anchor or lashed to their piers for days at a time. Some cargoes moved, but only under the watchful eyes of pickets, police and National Guardsmen. A strike which had begun with 12,000 longshoremen along the Coast widened to 50,000 in other unions.

Knocked breathless by the historic general strike of July, 1934, San Francisco did not actually come out of the fog until two months later, when the embattled shipowners and maritime unions signed an agreement.

Gloomy Outlook—To-day, San Francisco again looks toward the water-front and holds its breath. Ship operators have given notice that the 1934 award expires September 30. Negotiations for peace beyond that date were at a standstill last week. Echoes of San Francisco's anxiety muttered in Washington and New York. The Jewel of the Pacific became the focal point of a struggle vital to industry and labor along every American seaboard.

A poll of a cross-section of San Francisco newspaper writers for *Editor and Publisher* showed a 100 per cent. forecast of a walkout, with the phrase "anything can happen" recurring.

"A lockout (which will be called a 'strike' by the shipowners) on the West Coast can develop into a national strike," wrote Bruce Minton ominously from California for the radical *New Masses*.

A possible development is joint action by Pacific, Gulf and Atlantic longshoremen in the event of a strike or lockout, George P. West's dispatch informed the conservative New York *Times*.

"There is no minimizing the effect of such a move," boomed Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson through the columns of the liberal Scripps-Howard newspapers. "It is nothing less than a threat to the life-lines of the nation."

1934 Turmoil—General Johnson, who tried to quiet the 1934 turmoil for the Government, accused both sides of being stubbornly extreme. He hoped that peril might be averted by the naming of members to the Maritime Commission created under the authority of the Ship Subsidy Act of the last Congress.

The new group, an independent agency under no department, faces the same knotty problems which have plagued the President's special Longshoremen's Mediation Board for two years.

Under the 1934 award, Pacific Coast stevedores' wages were set at 95 cents an hour and $1.35 an hour for overtime; the working-day was cut from eight to six hours, and the week to thirty hours; hiring-halls were authorized to register men to be dispatched to their jobs by the union; the International Longshoremen's Association was recognized as the collective bargaining agency; an arbitrator was appointed by the Secretary of Labor.

Violations—The award kept a precarious peace. Last April, the Arbitrator, Judge Max C. Sloss of San Francisco, after an eight-day tie-up of shipping, accused both sides of violating the terms of the award: Employers had delayed too long in disbursing back-pay; employees had refused to work "hot cargo" (from non-union ports). He induced both to sign a pledge to abide by the award, keep the peace.

But the peace was not kept. "Job action"—unauthorized strikes against individual companies and individual vessels—continued. The armistice was studded with fights, beatings, even charges of murder.

Such is the disheartening scene which will greet Judge Sloss, due home from Europe this week. The tense outlook promises him little chance to linger among the choice books in his vast library.

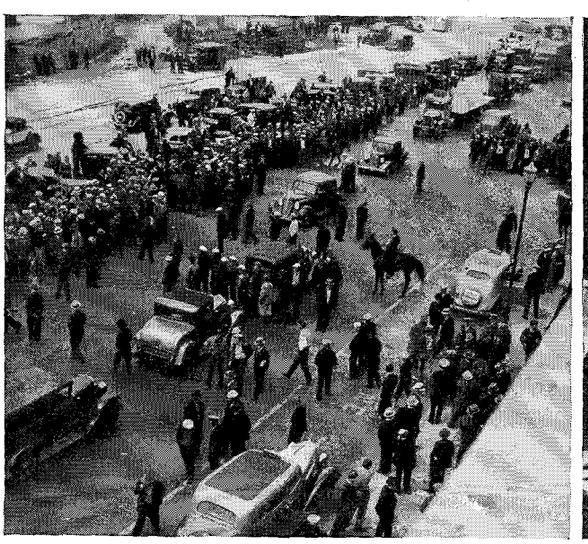
The Line-up—To aid Judge Sloss, Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward McGrady has sent two Commissioners of Conciliation to the scene: E. H. Fitzgerald, fifty-nine-year-old Minnesotan, who collects cactus as a hobby ("I am always mixed up in thorny things"), and E. P. Marsh, fifty-eight-year-old Ohioan, who likes cross-word puzzles.

Last week, they waited in San Francisco for word from New York. Shrewd Harry Bridges, elected President of the Pacific Coast I.L.A. District (San Diego to Alaska) after he had solidified union support behind the 1934 strike, crossed the country in response to a call from Joseph P. Ryan, national I.L.A. head, for a meeting of all the autonomous district leaders.

Normally, more than a continent separates these two.

Slight, sallow, sharp-featured Bridges

Wide World



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Wide World

West, in the person of Harry Bridges (left), met East, Joseph P. Ryan (right), to discuss what might happen on the Embarcadero (center)

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was born in Australia. Fourteen years ago, he left Melbourne to see the world by working for his passage. He married in San Francisco in 1923, went to work later on the water-front and emerged from the 1934 conflict as a militant and powerful force. Denounced then as a radical, he now finds himself criticized by a longshoremen's faction which resents his more moderate willingness to compromise in consolidating the gains of 1934.

Husky, full-faced, ruddy Joseph P. Ryan was born in Long Island. He started to work early on the New York piers and now looks out from the nineteenth floor of a West Side sky-scraper toward the ships he once helped load and unload. He lives near-by with his wife and two daughters and plays golf when he can. An old-line, conservative labor leader, he tried hard to prevent Bridges in 1934 from converting the water-front walkout into a general strike.

They Meet—When they met last week in the murky rooms of the Joseph P. Ryan Association in New York, Ryan's Atlantic Coast followers had joined Bridges's Pacific Coast backers in asking for $1 an hour and $1.50 for overtime. Behind closed doors, they talked over what they would do if their demands were refused.

They also reviewed the deadlock in the West. An exchange of formal letters left the Coast Committee for the Shipowners adamant in the stand that the provisions of the 1934 award must be reopened for arbitration.

MAINE VERDICT: Whether It Is an Omen Depends on Interpreter's Political Leanings

"The tide in this country has definitely turned from the Republican leadership," exulted Franklin D. Roosevelt after the Maine September election.

But that was four years ago, when Louis J. Brann, dapper Lewiston Democrat, was elected Governor. After the Maine September election this year, Mr. Roosevelt issued no jubilant statement. He did, however, manage a jovial Roosevelt smile as he told reporters at a press conference that he had closely forecast the outcome.

If so, this is what his prediction showed: Three Democratic candidates for Congress defeated by Republicans; F. Harold Dubord, Democratic candidate for Governor, defeated by Republican Lewis O. Barrows; Louis J. Brann, Democratic candidate for Senator, defeated by Republican Wallace H. White.

It was the Republicans who did the exulting this year. "A victory parade has been started that will span the nation," predicted Presidential Candidate Alf M. Landon. "The results in Maine are splendid," rejoiced John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman.

Bland Farley—Yet no crease of worry etched the broad, beaming face of the Democratic National Chairman, James A. Farley. "Republican Maine," he said blandly, "remains Republican in a local election by a reduced majority."

On the size of that majority, Chairmen Hamilton and Farley never would agree. Barrows defeated Dubord by a 43,000 plurality, say all loyal Republicans, and up go their hats. White defeated Brann by only 5,000, say all true Democrats, and up go their hopes. All this hubbub over the precise extent of the pluralities stems, of course, from the ancient, if debatable notion that Maine is a political barometer; that the size of the votes for Maine candidates in September forecasts the size of the votes for national candidates in November.

Wide World

The winner: Governor-elect Barrows

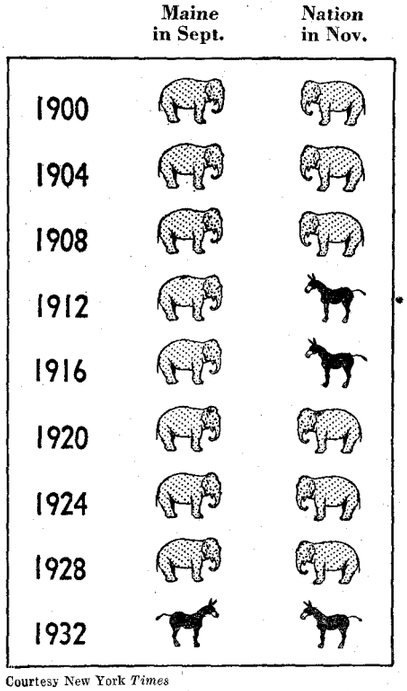
Acme

The loser: Governor Brann (right)

"As goes Maine, so goes the nation," the adage runs, and a thousand theories rage around it. But, curiously, in all the excitement over the meaning of the Maine returns, one fact has stirred up little comment. It may explain why private estimates of what Landon and Roosevelt will do in Maine in November fail to square with returns in the Maine election of September 14.

The fact is this: As goes Maine in September, so it does *not* go in November.

Past Performances—In 1932, for example, Democrat Brann won 50.49 per cent. of the vote in September, while Democrat Roosevelt won only 43.62 per cent. of it in November. In that year, too, Republican Martin, Brann's rival for Governor, won 49.51 per cent. of the vote in September, while Republican Hoover won 56.38 per cent. of it in November.



Courtesy New York *Times*

HOW MAINE HAS GONE

In exact figures, 7,749 more Democrats voted for Roosevelt than voted for Brann, but no fewer than 47,831 more Republicans voted for Hoover than voted for Martin. Despite all the ballyhoo accompanying the Maine September election, many Maine Republicans and Democrats seem to save their trips to the polls for the big show two months later.

To be sure, the September show this year was big enough to satisfy any one.

Democratic Solace—Wary of slogans, many a newspaper belittles the Maine results, or even detects reasons for Democratic optimism in them:

"If Republican Maine goes Republican by so narrow a margin, the prospects for a Democratic landslide in the rest of the country are strong indeed."—Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.).

"Maine Democrats made a splendid showing."—Portland (Maine) *Evening News* (Ind.).

"The Republican margin in Maine is merely an indication that there is no particular swing from the New Deal even in the rock-ribbed Republican States."—*The American Statesman*, of Austin, Texas (Dem.).

Republican Glee—But for every editor who takes this slant, another takes the opposite, and takes it with whoops of joy: Samples:

"The smashing Republican triumph in Maine has only one meaning—repudiation of the Raw Deal by the people of that State and of the United States."—New York *Evening Journal* (Ind.).

"The story of the election in Maine goes swinging down the lanes of all America to-day, with a happy ending for Alf Landon and a sad ending for Mr. Farley."—Lewiston (Maine) *Evening Journal* (Rep.).

"The election returns from Maine probably mean that Alfred M. Landon is to be the next President of the United States."—Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.).

"Heartening to the Republicans and correspondingly discouraging to the Democrats."—*Idaho Statesman* (Rep.).

"Well, the election in Maine rubbed the Democratic ears down, if nothing more, and rudely. It is as void of comfort for the Democrats as a sociable salad is of shrimp."—Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian* (Ind.-Rep.).

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HALF-MILLION VOTES IN "DIGEST" POLL

Landon Leads in 13, Roosevelt in 8 of 21 States Represented

Eight more States march up to take their places on the political firing-line in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S 1936 Presidential Poll. The total vote soars to 503,509, with Landon getting 293,972 ballots, Roosevelt 185,495, Lemke 19,632.

Twenty-one States strung out from coast to coast pile up returns as the Poll begins to hit its stride.

Thirteen of these, totaling 214 electoral votes, go to the Kansan; eight, with ninety-two electoral votes, are lined up behind the President.

For the first time, the West appears, represented by California and Colorado. Only 1,426 ballots have trickled in from Colorado, and Landon gets 844 of these, Roosevelt 543. In the Golden State, the race is close. With the score at 17,006 votes to 16,018, the Elephant is ahead of the Donkey by considerably less than the length of its trunk.

But that close California race stems back to a colorful chapter of American history. On a hot Sunday morning in August, 1916, Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican Presidential candidate, in the midst of a campaign swing through the State, motored from Los Angeles to a Long Beach hotel, where a reception was to be held in his honor.

Impatient Visitor — Eager well-wishers jammed the hotel lobby and overflowed into the street. For hours, Hughes shook hands, smiled, patted children's heads. Meanwhile, in an upstairs suite of rooms, a tall, square-jawed, gray-haired man paced the floor and glanced impatiently at his watch.

He was Hiram W. Johnson, regular Republican nominee for the United States Senate in California. Four years earlier, Johnson had bolted his Party to follow Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressives. He was willing to bury the hatchet. It remained only for the Republican Presidential nominee to extend a friendly hand to this powerful State leader.

The hand was never extended. And next day, the Hughes campaign train rolled out of California leaving behind it an enmity which ultimately cost Hughes the Golden State's thirteen* electoral votes and the election. For Johnson never forgave that "snub," and Woodrow Wilson carried the State by 466,200 votes to 462,394, winning the Electoral College by 277 to 254.

Ever since that campaign, California has been a "pivotal" State. In 1920, it reverted to Republicanism by an almost three to one margin. In 1924, veteran politicians shook their heads when the State gave Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin 300,000 more votes than it gave John W. Davis—and still remained in the Republican column. In the last election, it gave Roosevelt almost as big a plurality as it had given Herbert Hoover in 1928.

Sinclair Defeat—This year, Democrats and Republicans alike claim California. In the midterm elections of 1934, Frank Merriam, Republican, beat Upton ("End Poverty in California") Sinclair, the Democratic candidate, by a margin of 259,000 votes and won the Governorship.

But the 1936 primaries do not confirm this supremacy. Only 599,800 Republicans went to the polls to select party candidates, as against 929,000 Democrats.

And there is further comfort for Democracy in the fact that the Sinclair faction will support the President as it did four years ago.

But this year, there is another "unknown factor" in California: the Townsend movement, stronger there than in any other State. Will the Townsendites take votes away from the major candidates? Evidently they will take few from the Democrats, for in the primaries, Frank H. Buck, anti-Townsendite, won the Democratic nomination for Congress from Sheridan Downey, the OARP's own attorney.

Despite his professed confidence, Republican National Chairman John Hamilton a month ago took his "flying office" (LITERARY DIGEST, Aug. 15) of secretaries, research workers and publicity aids to the Pacific Coast. There he talked confidentially with party leaders, listened earnestly for advice from Herbert Hoover, and made half a dozen speeches.

*California now has twenty-two electoral votes.

California ought to test the sagacity of Strategist Hamilton, for he had not only the task of outmaneuvring Democrats, but also of smoothing out an intraparty rift of his own.

Activity by Hearst—Before the Republican convention, William Randolph Hearst had attempted to round up a Landon-instructed delegation to send to Cleveland. The preponderance of California Republicans, including Hoover, wanted an uninstructed slate. The Kansas Governor neither accepted nor repudiated Hearst's support, and altho the publisher's opponents finally had their way, the quarrel left a bad scar.

But other States furnish fresh drama in this week's list. Three more representatives of the Solid South fall in line behind the President in the fourth Poll report. In Alabama, the score is 2,247 to 527; in Florida, 2,548 to 1,525; in Georgia, 4,520 to 927.

Nine months ago, Georgia did not appear to be so stanchly behind the New Deal. Eugene Talmadge, its Governor, was ebulliently hopeful of taking Franklin D. Roosevelt's measure at the Democratic National Convention. Bitter against the New Deal for taking the State Public Works Administration from his jurisdiction, he had rampaged over the Georgia hills in his red galluses, whacking the Roosevelt Administration at every railroad junction.

He climaxed his battle at the Macon convention of "Jeffersonian Democrats" last February, where he and his fellow delegates fumed and sputtered, but created no explosion. Thereafter, Talmadge forgot his vision of the Presidency, avowed that he was "regular"—tho "agin" Roosevelt—and set his cap for the Senate seat occupied by New Dealer George B. Russell, Jr.

Georgia Drive—The primary campaign was hot. Bewhiskered farmers, wearing galluses of the same hue as "Our Gene's," gathered at Talmadge rallies to hear him hoot at "Junior" Russell and the Administration. Backed by the Atlanta *Constitution*, journalistic bible of the section, Russell carried his fight for an out-and-out New Deal triumph over Talmadge "dictatorship" into the remotest corners of Georgia. It was impossible to gage the

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Fourth Report "Literary Digest" 1936 Presidential Poll

	Landon 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election: Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated	Roosevelt 1936 Total Vote For State	Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated	Lemke 1936 Total Vote For State	Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated
Alabama	527	218	232	.....	.....	50	27	2,247	61	1,985	11	.....	95	95	9	.....	8	.....	.....	.....	1
Arkansas	1,391	697	496	3	4	109	82	4,342	123	3,831	11	8	188	181	64	6	45	1	2	2	8
California	17,006	12,216	3,227	45	12	692	814	16,018	2,924	11,303	324	18	728	721	1,053	321	572	20	10	25	105
Colorado	844	622	156	9	.....	23	34	543	65	425	15	.....	24	14	31	7	20	1	.....	1	2
Florida	1,525	783	530	4	.....	113	95	2,548	174	2,119	10	.....	131	114	45	9	31	.....	.....	3	2
Georgia	927	267	474	1	4	142	39	4,520	99	3,858	8	3	353	199	12	1	11	.....	.....	.....	.....
Indiana	26,290	19,620	4,695	79	30	731	1,135	17,037	2,925	12,935	170	9	426	572	1,368	299	848	41	7	42	131
Iowa	19,618	14,093	3,826	77	16	709	897	11,843	2,030	8,689	146	10	489	479	1,738	365	1,115	46	5	45	162
Kansas	1,112	801	206	3	.....	40	62	884	194	600	6	1	35	48	33	10	17	1	.....	2	3
Louisiana	993	404	441	1	.....	94	53	2,878	154	2,378	7	.....	198	141	216	6	176	1	.....	16	17
Maine	8,649	6,345	1,159	19	25	520	581	3,915	465	2,802	28	1	211	408	313	41	213	3	2	35	19
Minnesota	18,803	13,684	3,668	62	.....	554	835	12,899	2,220	9,313	296	13	535	522	3,377	462	2,475	76	9	93	262
Mississippi	418	145	196	.....	.....	54	23	3,256	36	2,904	4	1	151	160	18	1	14	.....	.....	.....	3
Nebraska	1,675	1,122	428	4	.....	45	76	1,372	200	1,058	18	.....	43	53	52	12	36	3	.....	.....	1
New Jersey	38,706	29,732	5,840	164	10	1,550	1,410	19,709	3,668	13,556	711	12	1,075	687	1,751	315	1,188	55	1	67	125
New York	63,897	48,772	10,241	251	14	2,164	2,455	22,499	4,284	15,786	589	6	1,041	793	3,984	889	2,578	98	1	135	283
North Dakota	367	249	88	.....	.....	6	24	306	50	230	.....	.....	7	19	56	11	34	1	.....	4	6
Ohio	34,311	25,616	5,934	173	31	1,092	1,465	20,777	3,780	15,089	458	18	807	625	3,443	694	2,236	103	11	139	260
Oklahoma	4,501	2,621	1,326	10	1	296	247	5,690	451	4,743	18	.....	207	271	69	13	43	3	.....	2	8
Pennsylvania	48,802	35,873	8,192	266	79	2,139	2,253	20,630	3,774	14,602	397	17	1,050	790	1,876	316	1,245	71	6	97	141
Texas	3,610	1,418	1,716	11	1	283	181	11,582	472	10,011	35	2	547	515	124	12	88	1	.....	9	14
Totals	293,972	215,298	53,071	1,182	227	11,406	12,788	185,495	28,149	138,217	3,262	119	8,341	7,407	19,632	3,790	12,993	525	54	717	1,553

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Governor's strength, and he seemed to be coming down the track in a dead heat with his rival.

But the Georgia primaries continued a succession of New Deal victories which had started in Oklahoma, early in the summer, and had continued through Arkansas, Mississippi and South Carolina. Russell's popular vote was over 250,000, to some 132,000 for Talmadge. Down with the Governor went his whole slate of candidates, most of them snowed under by two to one.

The Talmadge aura of invincibility, resulting from his success in throwing out elected officials and installing his own favorites, was shattered. The majority of almost five to one which Georgia gives Roosevelt in its first LITERARY DIGEST returns is further evidence that the Talmadge spell has been broken and that the State is as Democratic to-day as it was four years ago.

Agrarian Ballots—Three new farm States also appear in the Poll this week, Landon's own Kansas being one of them. The Sunflower State goes to its favorite son by a score of 1,112 to 884, and he takes Nebraska and North Dakota by comparable margins. In the former, where George W. Norris, New Deal Republican, has agreed to campaign for the Senate again, and where the influential Omaha *World-Herald* is backing a Republican Presidential nominee for the first time in its fifty-one years of existence, the score stands: Landon, 1,675; Roosevelt, 1,372. North Dakota goes Republican in the early balloting, 367 to 306.

More amazing, the home bailiwick of William Lemke gives only 56 votes, seven per cent. of its total, to the Union Party candidate. This is another doubtful State which the Republicans call "sure," and the Democrats "safe." In 1920, it went to Harding by a four-to-one margin. In 1924 Coolidge had a meager 5,000 plurality over La Follette, while Davis lagged 'way behind. Hoover won the State by a substantial margin over Smith in 1928.

Then, in 1932, North Dakota voters flocked to Roosevelt along with the rest of the Middle West. Republicans say the political drift has been back to their side during the last four years, but patently, the fight will be close. Since 1915, when it was founded, the Non-Partizan League has dominated politics in the State. To-day, it controls the Republican Party, with the result that North Dakota regularly entertains the rest of the country with a political

OH! OH!

—By Morris From George Matthew Adams Service

pyrotechnic display in which conservative Republicans, radical Republicans and Democrats crash in a shower of sparks.

On rolls the Poll and up goes the fever temperature of popular interest. Last week, a Kentuckian spent 16 cents to inform THE DIGEST by air-mail, special delivery, that he had switched from Roosevelt in '32 to Landon for '36.

KNOX TEMPEST: Colonel Challenged on Reference to Life Insurance and Savings

"To-day, no life insurance policy is secure; no savings account is safe," Col. Frank Knox, Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency, said in an address at Allentown, Pennsylvania, a few days ago.

Editors throughout the country are wondering if Colonel Knox coined a slogan for the 1936 campaign, or threw a boomerang.

In 1916, Wilson rode to victory on the shibboleth: "He kept us out of war." The country plunged into the War a few weeks after he was again sworn in.

In 1920, Harding swept into office with: "Back to normalcy."

"Keep cool with Coolidge" was the cry in 1924, and the taciturn New Englander was reelected.

"Happy days are here again" blared out in 1932, and Roosevelt marched into office.

But the tendency in the present campaign has been more toward epithets than slogans. President Roosevelt said: "economic royalists"; Republicans tossed back: "royal economists." In the keynote speech at the Republican National Convention, Senator Frederick Steiwer emphasized "three long years."

Blaine Fiasco—Editors who discussed the possibility of Knox's having thrown a boomerang harked back to what was perhaps one of the worst tosses in political history. In 1884, a supporter of James G. Blaine, Republican candidate for the Presidency, described the Democratic Party as representing "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

Spreading like wild-fire, the slogan alienated the Catholic vote, crushed Blaine, elected Cleveland.

Colonel Knox may have made the same mistake in saying: "The present Administration has been for four years giving lip service to security and welfare, and to-day no life insurance policy is secure; no savings account is safe. The value of a worker's pay in buying the necessities of life is dependent upon the whim of amateur tinkerers with our money, banking and credit systems."

Repercussions came quickly.

In Pennsylvania, Dr. Luther A. Harr, State Secretary of Banking, served notice on Colonel Knox that in his State the spreading of misinformation about financial institutions was a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of $5,000 and five years at hard labor.

In New York, the State Controller, Morris S. Tremaine, called upon Colonel Knox to prove the truth of "this amazing statement, or for the peace of every life insurance policyholder and savings bank depositor, to retract it."

In Washington, John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, supported the Knox charge with: "It is a question of telling the American people the true situation."

Colonel Knox replied to his critics in a speech at Helena, Montana. His charge, he said, "refers solely to the value of the money in which insurance is paid and savings are kept."

Then: "No intelligent person could possibly construe it as referring to the solvency of any bank, insurance company or other private enterprise. It could only refer to the blind squandering and credit adulteration by the Government. . . . The statement is true . . . because the present spending policy leads straight to inflation."

Official Reassurances—On the same day that Colonel Knox made this follow-up statement, the White House announced that the President would meet with insurance company executives. The Republicans pounced upon that as proof that Knox's statement had scored; the White House answered that the conference had been arranged weeks before.

Heads of six companies met with the President: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York Life Insurance Company, Travelers Insurance Company, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, Western and Southern Life Insurance Company, and Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company were represented. Later,

MINOR CANDIDATES

States	Thomas 1936 Votes	Browder 1936 Votes	Colvin 1936 Votes	Aiken 1936 Votes	Others 1936 Votes	Totals	Grand Total Votes By States	States
Alabama	3	1	6	.....	.....	10	2,793	Alabama
Arkansas	16	1	11	.....	1	29	5,826	Arkansas
California	134	239	62	7	12	454	34,531	California
Colorado	5	1	2	.....	.....	8	1,426	Colorado
Florida	11	1	7	3	.....	22	4,140	Florida
Georgia	9	3	8	.....	5	25	5,484	Georgia
Indiana	126	37	85	10	9	267	44,962	Indiana
Iowa	96	30	68	10	4	208	33,407	Iowa
Kansas	4	5	3	1	.....	13	2,042	Kansas
Louisiana	18	4	11	.....	5	38	4,125	Louisiana
Maine	37	9	3	1	5	55	12,932	Maine
Minnesota	221	96	95	20	10	442	35,521	Minnesota
Mississippi	9	5	7	.....	.....	21	3,713	Mississippi
Nebraska	2	2	2	.....	1	7	3,106	Nebraska
New Jersey	399	279	52	13	17	760	60,926	New Jersey
New York	427	183	168	15	36	829	91,209	New York
North Dakota	2	.....	2	.....	.....	4	733	North Dakota
Ohio	213	72	118	25	11	439	58,970	Ohio
Oklahoma	34	7	12	4	1	58	10,318	Oklahoma
Pennsylvania	321	77	192	25	14	629	71,937	Pennsylvania
Texas	53	12	19	5	3	92	15,408	Texas
Totals	2,140	1,064	933	139	134	4,410	503,509	Totals

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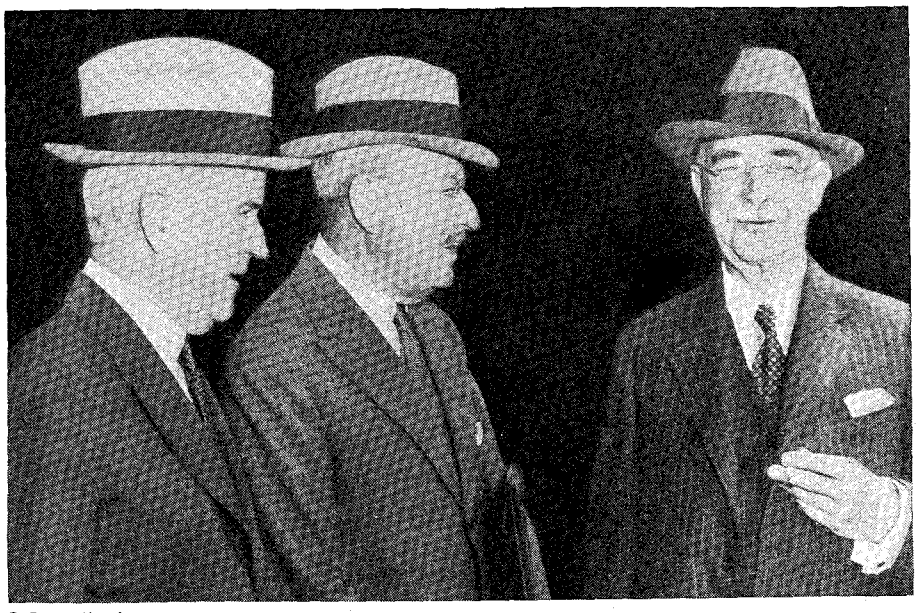

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Charles F. Williams, Frederick H. Ecker and Guy W. Cox, insurance heads, conferred with Roosevelt

the executives said they had told the President of a $3,000,000,000 increase in the assets of all insurance companies in three years, a 2,000,000 increase in policyholders in four years. Their statement said: "There can be no doubt, all the reports to the contrary notwithstanding, but that American citizens who hold life insurance policies issued by insurance companies in the United States possess the safest of all possible securities."

Press Comment—Knox's charge made the editorial ink fly. Supporting him, the Portland *Oregonian* (Ind.-Rep.) said that "an insurance policy is as safe as a government bond, but how safe is a government bond?" The danger, said the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.), "is not that you will fail to get the money" (from a bank or insurance company) "but that it will buy little or nothing when you get it. The only way to prevent such losses by inflation is not to inflate."

But the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) assailed Colonel Knox for "unlawful and irresponsible fear-mongering." It went on: "For purely political purposes, to cover up the shameful record of his own Party, Knox deliberately attempts to provoke panic."

"Obviously, an unbalanced budget long-continued would wreck financial institutions," said the Pasadena (Calif.) *Post* (Ind.-Rep.). "But the intimation that this is imminent is just as clearly incapable of proof. So why say it?"

QUEER ODDS: Lloyd's Offers 5 to 3 on Roosevelt, or Is It 3 to 2 on Landon?

Rumbles of a war to the finish in Europe between Fascism and Communism kept more than a thousand of Lloyd's insurance experts popping in and out of a seven-year-old building in London's Leadenhall Street last week. In the midst of the confusion, some one found a sheaf of cables and letters from the United States. Deuced inconvenience. It appeared that the Yankees were having a Presidential Election, and wanted to know what odds Lloyd's was quoting on Roosevelt and Landon.

The worst of it was, the requests, some of which had gone months unanswered, were beginning to clutter up the building. Something had to be done. Lloyd's agents throughout the United States were instructed to collect pertinent data. Then Lloyd's announced cryptically that it would require sixty guineas ($315) premium per £100 sterling ($500) "payable to cover total loss in the event that Roosevelt is not returned to office."

Odds at Odds—Next day, American newspapers agreed in head-lines that "LLOYD'S OFFERS FIVE TO THREE ROOSEVELT WILL WIN."

But there was at least one whose mathematicians labored and got a different sum. To the stanchly Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, the clear implication of the announcement was that "LLOYD'S OFFERS ODDS OF THREE TO TWO ON LANDON TO WIN." To the question "Have you people got new figures?" the *Herald Tribune* City Desk replied to the effect that it had simply got a new answer from the same figures. Then, to explain *how* it had solved the problem, the paper called in a learned editorial writer:

"If this is not clear, let us review the figures in dollars to eliminate whatever confusion an unfamiliar currency may bring into the problem. If you believe that President Roosevelt will win, if you hope so, and if you want to insure yourself against any damage that his defeat will do you, Lloyd's offers insurance. 'All right,' says that firm in substance, 'give us $6.30 (three dimes for the broker), and if Mr. Roosevelt loses, we shall give you $10. This means that we shall give you back your $6 and $4 to boot. We think, in short, that Mr. Roosevelt has two chances out of five to win, three chances out of five to lose; so we feel safe (after calculating an actuarial margin of safety in our own favor) in betting three to two against him.'"

Still a Muddle—To many a layman, the whole thing became less clear the more it was explained, one way or another. American betting commissioners just didn't care, said it didn't make any difference anyhow, what Lloyd's did. The Maine election, now—that was something else—

Lloyd's themselves, catching the spirit of the thing, tried a little clarifying. To one persistent inquirer, an English underwriter of Lloyd's cabled:

> ROOSEVELT BELIEVE SMALL MARKET AVAILABLE APPROXIMATE RATES SIXTY AND FIFTY PERCENT FOR POLICIES PAYING IN EVENT LANDON ROOSEVELT RESPECTIVELY ELECTED

The general interpretation of this interpretation was that Lloyd's was offering 3 to 2 on Landon and even money on Roosevelt.

"ALWAYS READY": Coast Guard Planes Warn Shipping to Safety as Hurricane Blows

On every Coast Guard station's flagpole along the Atlantic Coast from Manteo, North Carolina, to Point Judith, Rhode Island, two square red signal-flags with black squares for centers snapped in the ninety-mile-an-hour gale until they were frayed. Seafarers and coastal landlubbers knew they were facing the season's worst tropical hurricane last week-end. Forewarned, they were forearmed.

From Block Island to Portland, Maine, masts bore red pennants with the red-and-black danger-signals below. Sixty-mile-an-hour winds ripped rain before them. Days before the flags were hoisted, Weather Bureau meteorologists knew the storm was on the way. It was bred in the glassy calms of the Spanish Main, nursed in the tossing Atlantic beyond the Leeward Islands, then gathered force as it swept toward North America.

Coast Guardsmen doff their peaked caps to the mysterious force of radio. It is changing their arduous task from a struggle of man against the sea to one of man's mastery over the sea. Along the Atlantic Coast runs a telephone-line, linking Coast Guard stations and lighthouses backed up by a well-knit network of radio stations. Up and down sped the message that the hurricane was sure to hit most severely along the coast above Cape Hatteras.

Swing Into Action—Then, the Coast Guard, most versatile of Federal services (and one of the oldest, 1790), put into effect its newest wrinkle to cheat the dreaded, mighty menace to shipping and Coast-dwellers. Small boatmen, fishermen, islanders and townsfolk of the many seacoast resorts had to be warned and ordered inland.

From Norfolk, Virginia, a great silver and gold amphibion flew south low over glaucous, tossing combers. Its crew of three—officer-pilot, non-commissioned officer-navigator and radioman—caught glimpses along the western horizon of Colington Island, its long sand-spit sheltering Roanoke, where Raleigh's ill-fated colony lived and died; then broad, calm Pamlico Sound and treacherous Cape Hatteras, grave of three centuries of shipping.

Flight to Cape—On the plane flew over Raleigh Bay, soaring above Ocracoke and Portsmouth Islands, mere elongated sandbanks studded with marsh-grass and scrub-pine, until it reached Cape Lookout, near Beaufort, North Carolina. Below were steamships by the dozen. But the plane wasn't looking for these; radio had warned them to batten down hatches.

Some 100 miles offshore, private yachts and fishing smacks sailed along, blissfully unaware of the windy turmoil to come.

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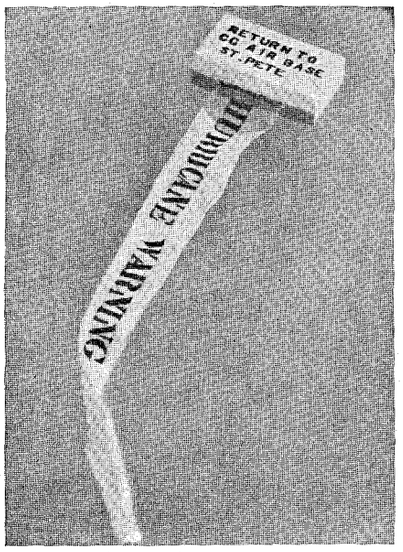


Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Hurricane warning dropped by Coast Guard

Most of these vessels do not carry radio receivers, and the Coast Guard's problem always has been to give warnings in time for them to reach shelter. Spotting a small boat, the amphibion would drop down a message-block (cork-float with long streamer bearing "Hurricane Warning" in bold, black type). First the plane would attract attention, dipping wings and blaring "Ahoy" through loudspeakers powerful enough to pierce the din of two roaring 840-horse-power engines.

Then, the cork-float would go hurtling down, sometimes landing on decks with a bomber's deadly accuracy, sometimes dropping close enough for mariners to fish the message on deck with a boathook.

Small craft, turned helms shoreward, swooping and yawing over lumpy seas twenty or thirty feet high before they ran the gantlet of Pamlico Sound's narrow inlets through swirling eddies and cross-currents. Inside, they were safe.

True to Motto—Modern miracles of communication—telegraph, telephone and radio—had warned dwellers along the perilous coast to seek shelter elsewhere, while aviation reached those who otherwise might have perished. Thus, exactly ten years after 373 were killed, and hundreds injured or made homeless in Florida, the Coast Guard lived up to its motto *Semper Paratus* ("Always Ready") by showing how to cheat hurricanes.

Even more blustery than that of a decade ago, this hurricane battered North Carolina's coast for 200 miles, but no one there was killed. New Jersey's beach contours were transformed for 125 miles, shore-line roads were piled high with sand and debris, electric wires tumbled, jetties and bulkheads were smashed. Whipped by gusts of winds, rain pelted down on New York City—4.14 inches in twenty-four hours.

Churning surf lashed 1,000 miles over eight States along the Atlantic Coast, smashing 100 stout small craft and sturdy fishing-smacks against docks and jetties as if they were match-wood. Through it all, Coast Guardsmen from shore stations, on cutters and patrol-boats and in the air worked like Trojans to rescue those who had not received warnings in time. When the storm, by a quirk of the weather, blew out to sea, the total of known dead was seven. Forewarned was forearmed.

ORACULAR CHEOPS:

Seers Foretell Coming Events by Reading Pyramid's Secrets

Where were you at noon on September 16? Remember it well; it may have been the end of the world or the beginning of a new era.

For almost a hundred years, prophets, astrologers, students of the pyramids and sundry religious sects have proclaimed this an hour of importance, at which anything might happen. There may have been some minor quibbling over the exact moment because of daylight saving, but all agreed that, by midday, the worst or the best would have come and gone.

Perhaps something untoward did happen. Only the seers, the pyramids, the stars, the Sphinx and a mysterious Mr. 666 know.

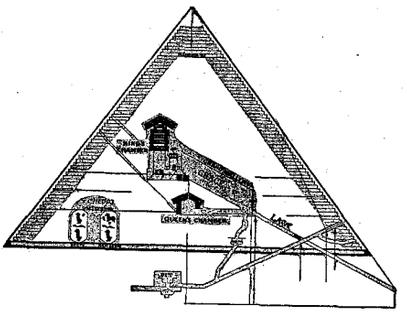
In Egypt, the Great Pyramid of Cheops, cause of all the excitement, was the cynosure of prophetic eyes. Three hundred feet distant, the Sphinx (symbol of silence), with woman's head, bull's body, lion's claws and eagle's wings, ran true to form. Guarding the pyramids, she said nothing.

Fateful Inches—According to "pyramidologists," every inch of Cheops's main interior route means something. Armed with tape measures, note-books and rulers, they have long been convinced of the secret and occult significance in the structure and measurements of the Great Pyramid. From one end to the other, the various passageways and chambers are supposed to symbolize the years from 2625 B.C. to 2001 A.D. After that, the builders seemed to run out of space and sense of time.

The fanciest measuring inside the Egyptian monument has brought the world to the King's Chamber. After a long, hard trek up the low passage from May 28, 1928, one is now able to stand erect again.

Year of Armageddon—There are some 200,000 avid "pyramidologists," notably in England. Sooner or later, their prophecies get tied up with the future of Anglo-Saxon races. Now that the troublesome sixteenth is past, they are inspecting the next developments of their rulers. For seventeen years, fateful events, reshaping the human race, will lead up to the Armageddon of 1953. During this time, the Anglo-Saxon races will restore Israel to Palestine. Then the age of turbulence will cease. From 1953 until the final slumber in 2001, every one will breathe easier, just sitting around and speculating on the next move. But the Pyramid won't be of any use then, as it will have run out of inches.

Regardless of what did or didn't happen on September 16, the students are proud of their measured prophecies. The only vexing miscalculation made so far was for the signing of the armistice. They are fourteen hours of inches out, but this was explained away as identical with the abdication and flight of the Kaiser to Holland.



Interior of the Great Pyramid

Taking these forays into the past of Egyptian architecture as groundwork, hard-working prophets, amateur and professional, made much of the 1936 Ides of September. White-haired Edna Bandler appeared in New York in flowing white robe and veil. Warning all of the world-shaking events at hand, she called newspaper men "rascals"; preachers, "false prophets"; and scientists direct descendants of Lucifer, the light-bearer.

Cheer for Kings—Denouncing the world, she declared people were now to receive their sixty-eighth dispensation. "There will be no further period of grace," she warned. "Now the rule will be by iron. Those who sin will pay for it on the spot."

In New Jersey, a religious sect, The Assembly, went on its knees to pray for deliverance, three days before the fateful moment. The leader, Robert J. Boyle, wasn't sure what was going to happen, but he hinted it was high time for the anti-christ, Mr. 666, to appear. To his way of thinking, several modern dictators might easily fit the rôle.

CAMPAIGN PROPHECIES BY COLUMNISTS

Interpreters of Politics Grow More Positive in Their Views

Dorothy Thompson, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy newspapers: "It looks as tho he [President Roosevelt] will be reelected. And I do not think that it will be a purchased vote, purchased by the bounties of the Federal Government. . . . Nor will it be the fact that the country is recovering, that business is on the up-swing. No one believes that this process would be retarded by the election of Mr. Landon. . . . This election will be decided less by thought than by instinct. But instinct is telling a great many people that Mr. Landon stands for Government doing as little as possible; for trusting to the free play of economic forces to get and keep this country stable and progressive; and that Mr. Roosevelt stands for Government setting objectives, giving directions and actively doing something.

"I believe that the people of this country, the majority of them, and by no means the least patriotic and the least intelligent, *want* Government to take direction, *want* leadership, *want* action. I believe that the whole course of history is in this direction and that it is as inevitable as that the sun will rise to-morrow.

"And if Mr. Roosevelt wins, it will be for this reason. He will not win for his achievements, not for his personality, not for his radio voice, not for his statesmanship, but because he has shown himself more keyed to the temper and the yearnings of the world as it is to-day."

Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Feature Service, in twenty-three newspapers: "Beginning September 29, President Roosevelt will start moving so fast it will make your head swim. That's when his

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non-political campaign will end, when he will go off the official government travel expense-account and become Candidate Roosevelt. From the day he addresses the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse, September 29, he will be on the road, pausing at Hyde Park scarcely long enough to have his laundry done.

"Despite White House vagueness, the West Coast trip is on. The President also will go into two inviting backgrounds, Pennsylvania and Michigan. A number of dates are being worked out now to keep him riding trains until election day, spreading charm up and down the land."

Arthur Krock, in the New York *Times:* "Steadily downward has been the revision of the President's formal campaign speaking program. . . . Now Washington reports that only two addresses classified as political will be made by Mr. Roosevelt between this period and election day, and that there is less dispute over the decision than any which has been made since the number of his speeches was first discussed. The Democratic National Committee for a while urged the President to make ten speeches during the campaign which would be definitely admitted to the political category. He held out for no more than five, and that being the best arrangement it could get, the Committee perforce agreed.

"If the Washington report that the number is now reduced to two is borne out by the event, many observers will hold that it is good strategy. . . . The foreign situation is fighting against a change in the Federal Government. So are the statistics of recovery. Mr. Roosevelt's convinced supporters require no pleas for him, and those emotionally or otherwise set against him will be affected by none. Two definitely political speeches should certainly be enough to address to the voters who have not yet made up their minds. They are more likely to be influenced by existing conditions than by any new arguments."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate, in forty-five newspapers: "As the Republican campaign managers become increasingly desperate, the Democratic wizards are scanning the political horizon for signs of a G.O.P. 'Zinoviev letter' which will 'prove' that Roosevelt is a Communist agent or a dupe of the Third International.

"The build-up for a Republican red herring is already impressive. Mrs. Longworth writes symbolically about 'red' sunsets in the West. Hearst is always with us, and even good old Mark Sullivan indorses the theory that teachers who advocate Communism should be dismissed from their jobs by local school boards. . . . There are some people in every country who will do anything for money, and the Republican move, whatever its nature, will have been carefully prearranged and will be timed to have its maximum effect on the healthy prejudice of the American voters against foreign interference.

"It will also be timed to reach the public so that the truth can not catch up with the falsehood before election day. . . . The only question is, when is it coming? When will the G.O.P. spring its Bolshevik booby-trap in the hope of stampeding the American voters into plumping for Landon and Knox? The danger-zone for this sort of thing begins early in October and becomes more intense right up to the day before election."

Topics in Brief

THE average person believes only half he hears, and in so many cases it's the wrong half.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

A POLITICIAN is a fellow who coaxes you to vote for him and then sends you a bill for doing it.—*American Lumberman.*

Too many are content with a hand-to-mouth existence these days—when it's *Uncle Sam's* hand.—*Washington Post.*

A MAN took out insurance against twins. We suppose that is what the agents call a double indemnity policy.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

ELECTION year always restores our faith in humanity. It's so encouraging to see big men loving the farmers.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

AND some of the co-eds are going to find it pretty cramped, cooped up in a sorority house after living in a trailer all summer.—*Kansas City Star.*

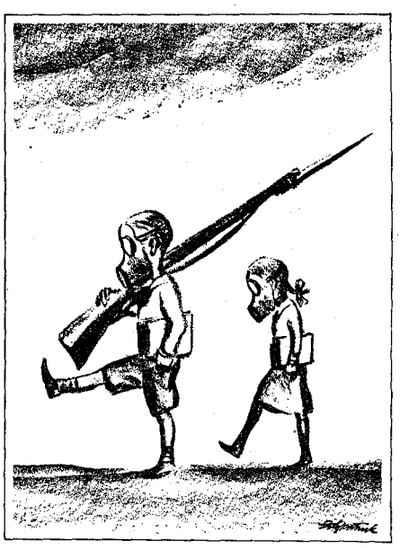
TRADITION dies hard in the blighted drought areas. The Nebraska football eleven will continue to be known this fall as Cornhuskers.—*Detroit News.*

INVESTIGATION reveals that in New York City seventeen dead men were carried on WPA pay-rolls. It might be an idea to prod the other workers.—*Topeka State Journal.*

YOU may have observed, provided you care about such things, that when Mr. Roosevelt makes a pledge to spend more money he always keeps it.—*Toledo Blade.*

COMMUNISM can not be considered profitable by Spain when it results in chasing Americans out of the country instead of collecting tips from them.—*Washington Star.*

Moscow officially denies a rumor that Dictator Stalin is ill. But if hands could be laid on him, the person starting the rumor might come down with some violent ailment.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*



SCHOOL OPENS IN EUROPE

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

LET HER KEEP HER OWN HOUSE IN ORDER

—Pease in Newark Evening News

BIG BILL THOMPSON says his campaign for Lemke will curl the Democrats' hair. It is a good trick, if he is thinking of Farley's.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE Spanish Rebels say that if they get control of the Government they will impose a high protective tariff. So look out for those new Spanish customs.—*Southern Lumberman.*

A WESTERN school announces the discontinuance of a practise of accepting live stock in lieu of tuition. It will make an exception of a serviceable half-back on the hoof.—*Boston Herald.*

A LAWSUIT in Ohio revealed "pro" wrestling to be as crooked as ever. It is refreshing in this day of shifting standards to find some one holding fast to a lack of ideals.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

CHIEF TANTAQUIDGEON, last survivor of the Mohican tribe, is in Boston. Seems that *Uncas* pulled a fast one on James Fenimore Cooper and left descendants.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

RUDOLPH HESS says the Nazis want a type of woman "intellectually capable to stand by her husband." Any woman ought to be able to master the Nazi salute.—*Illinois State Journal (Springfield).*

WHAT is so rare as a day in June? asked Lowell. Well, if you asked us, we'd say it is a national election campaign in which politicians on both sides didn't promise to remedy the plight of the poor farmer.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

THOSE visiting English boys who put 100 pairs of shoes out in their New York hotel corridor in the expectation of having them cleaned according to home custom were darned lucky to get them back, even in the original unpolished state.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

GENE HOWE wants to know if Mr. Roosevelt's insistence that Governor Lehman run for a third term means that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to popularize the third-term idea. Can't say as to that, but heretofore it has always been necessary to get a second term before getting a third one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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SPANISH REBELS COPYING WELLINGTON

Drive for Madrid Based on Tactics of Napoleonic Wars

Universal Newsreel from Soibelman

Spanish Loyalists on the run from temporary quarters

Snow-flurries in the high Guadarramas. Winter woolies and four blankets each have been issued to Rebel besiegers of Madrid quartered in comfortable caverns, from the highest of which, 5,000 feet up, they watch the beleaguered Capital thirty miles away. Sun glows on the spires in the morning. City lights redden the sky until the ten o'clock curfew at night. Between the Rebels and the Capital, the steep ravines are defended by tyro soldiers shivering in cotton-coveralls, one blanket to a man; fortified by irregular rations.

Scorching—Forty-five miles south of Madrid, Rebel columns are pushing up the Tagus valley confident that they will take Madrid within a month. It was by this valley that Madrid was captured twice during the Napoleonic Wars, once by Sir Arthur Wellesley, once by the Duke of Wellington. By this route, Gen. Emilio Franco plans to take it in 1936.

Meanwhile Madrid's Leftist Government broadcasts urgent orders for all militiamen, armed or unarmed, to report at their barracks, to replace thousands flung southward to stem the Rebel advance. Newsmen fresh from war in Ethiopia report, the fighting along the Tagus as more sanguinary than anything that happened in Africa, with trained, well-equipped professional columns of Whites steadily gaining against the Government's hastily-trained and badly-munitioned volunteers.

Nightmarish Fighting—Cadets and professionals in the smoking ruins of Toledo's Alcazar, dynamited last Saturday, fought the tenth week of their nightmarish defense against mines underground, and shells, blazing gasoline and air-plane bombs from the air. Portions of the legend of Toledo evaporated. The twenty tons of dynamite reported stuffed under the huge structure dwindled to two mines of exactly 330 pounds each when Irving Pflaum of the United Press crawled through the muddy tunnels to inspect them.

When Mayor Perez Agua jammed down the plunger in the City Hall, setting off the blast, walls and towers, raised through centuries by Visigoths, Moors and Spaniards, crashed in a smother of dust; but when shock militia charged in over the rubble-heaps, machine gun fire as withering as ever drove them back. Spain's fine flower of youthful military aristocracy, in training at the Alcazar when the war began, held firmly in the ruins against fresh heavy guns, gasoline poured in by fire hoses, home-made dynamite bombs and oil smudges hurled in to blind them.

One Rebel came out a prisoner. He looked well-fed, said that 2,000 persons still groped in the great subcellars, that they had plenty of food, and enough arms and ammunition to hold out indefinitely.

Gallant Garrison—At Oviedo, on the Biscay Coast, another *alcazar* commanded by Colonel Aranda, with 2,500 trained troops, withstood similar attacks. The garrison grew audacious in the tenth week, sallied out repeatedly to harry the 15,000 miners who have been wasting tons of dynamite, attacking the building as if it were a coal-mine. Aranda has munitions factories inside his fortress, and operates them; but unlike the Alcazar Rebels, he is running short of food.

Madrid, frightened by the steady advance of the Whites up the Tagus, is throwing up earthworks in the suburbs and near-by villages. Inside the Capital, a roving Leftist search-party blundered onto the Duke of Veragua (THE LITERARY DIGEST, Aug. 22), and his brother, the Duke of Lavega, hiding in the home of a friend. Lineal descendants of Christopher Columbus tho they were, both were hurried to a suburban garden and shot.

Since Madrid recognized South America's tradition that foreign embassies are places of asylum, a lucky 4,000 Spanish aristocrats have found safety in legations of ten South American and six Central American States. No such shelter is the Mexican Legation, for Mexico sides with the Loyalists; last week landed a cargo of munitions for them at Barcelona.

German Bombers—Doubt that Nazi Germany is helping the Rebels was dispelled when an American correspondent, rushed into Carcares, seventy miles from the Portuguese line, saw German pilots leap aboard and soar aloft in a fleet of modern German bombers. At Burgos, Provisional President Gen. Miguel Cabanellos of the Whites overflowed with gratitude, indiscreetly proclaimed:

"Spain . . . come what will, will never forget the friendly sympathy and moral support that Germany has given. Your *Fuehrer* and your people stand guard in the East. We intend to stand guard in the West. . . ."

Rebel forces, hitherto censor-free, last week clamped down. War correspondents of *The London Times, London Morning Post* and *London News Chronicle* were expelled. An Associated Press man was refused a permit to return to Burgos. Gen. Emilio Mola threatened to expel all writers alluding to his men as "Rebels"; demanded that they, not the Government, be termed "Loyalists," and warned all that they would be "held responsible" for what they wrote, not only in Spain, but during flying trips to France.

American Preparations—Meanwhile, Secretary of State Cordell Hull withdrew married attachés and clerks from the Madrid Embassy, replaced them with bachelors, closed the Embassy to American refugees, prepared for siege.

MAPPING "NEXT WAR":

Czechs and Yugoslavs Ready to Race Against Italians to Vienna

GERMANS INVADE CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The minute that head-line flashed along the world cables, Czech soldiers in olive-drab uniforms would fall back from their western boundary. Nor would they stop to defend their Capital, towered Prague. According to highly supported rumors, the General Staff plans to abandon all of Old Bohemia, which is completely surrounded by the Reich, at the first act of war. The country's defense would begin in central Moravia, along a line through Brno and Olomouc.

Thus, as German troops poured into the country, Czech soldiers would pour out. From Bratislava, powerful garrison on the Austrian border, it is only thirty short miles to Vienna, which would be the objective of the Czech army dash. To aid her Czech allies, the olive-yellow mass of Yugoslavia's marching men would move from Maribor in the North, through Graz, Austria, and on to the Capital. Both armies would

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move with the greatest possible speed, expecting to race against Mussolini's troops. And victory in the next European war, some experts believe, would crown the winner of that mad dash toward Vienna.

But the best-laid plans of General Staffs often prove worthless in warfare. The great weakness of Little Entente plans is that the French-fostered alliance of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia might break down before war comes.

Preparedness Conference—In Bratislava last week, Foreign Ministers of the three countries met in a carefully-guarded room. For the first time, Victor Antonescu represented Rumania. His brilliant predecessor, Nicholas Titulescu, Mongol-visaged Francophile whose sympathies extended even to France's Soviet alliance, had been "fired like an old servant" because, according to his friends, his efforts to establish a Soviet-Rumanian friendship outraged Hohenzollern King Carol. Titulescu's fall, the New York *Times* believes, can be traced to a German plot. The Reich's secret police, says the *Times*, spied on the Rumanian statesman, and turned in a report which the Rumanian Fascist leader, Octavian Goga, passed on to the King.

For years, the entire Little Entente has been pulled Right and Left by the tugs of Germany and the U.S.S.R.

Czechoslovakia, in Moscow's orbit, perfects plans for cooperation with Russian troops in case of war. Soviet army men visit the country, studying defenses, advising improvements, mapping airdromes, training military and civilian pilots for parachute-jumping in the spectacular Soviet manner.

Yugoslavia, in spite of the strongest pressure France could bring, has persisted in her 1918 decision to have no traffic with the Reds, either by trade or diplomatic relations. Lately she has swung toward the Nazis. Yet her Fascist sympathies are tempered by fear of Italy, potentially a Reich ally.

Thus, at the Bratislava meeting, Dr. Milan Stoyadinovitch, Yugoslav Premier and Foreign Minister, worked with Nazi-tempted Rumania rather than the Czechs. The two countries agreed to start work on a bridge across the Danube which, by joining them, should prove invaluable from a military standpoint. In exchange for copper and other raw materials, Rumania also promised to construct a pipe-line and supply sufficient oil for Yugoslavia's army and fleet.

Railway Abandoned—Nothing more was heard, however, of a proposed railroad across Rumania by which Soviet troops could rush to Czechoslovakia's aid.

Echoing none of these private wranglings, the official communiqué which closed the meeting voiced a historic friendship for France, and a pious wish for closer economic cooperation with Italy and the Reich.

Meanwhile, Italy was gathering her allies around her. During the Bratislava conference, *Il Duce* held one of his own in Rome "for a survey of the political horizon." His visitor, Dr. Guido Schmidt, Foreign Minister of Il Duce's Austrian protègé which, with the Italian dictator's permission, recently made peace with the Reich, arranged for an early Vienna meeting of the Italian and Hungarian Foreign Ministers.

The three States line up on the Fascist side in the struggle against Democrats, Socialists and Communists which few think can be avoided. Greece, under a new dictatorship, may be expected to join them, as well as German-linked Bulgaria.

Turkey, however, clings to the Soviet alliance. Russia, it is said, subsidizes every newspaper in the country, and not a few statesmen. Important Turkish officials go to Moscow for technical training. Soviet agents reputedly hold the key positions in the Turkish régime. If Kemal Ataturk should tire of his Russian friendship, Moscow could stage a Red revolution instantaneously. Not that the Turkish dictator has shown signs of weariness. The tale

TOWARD EUROPE'S LAST ROUND-UP

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

that he had given Krupp, in Germany, the contract for refortifying the Dardanelles proved as false as it was ridiculous. Turkey, "Russia's gatekeeper at the Straits" placed her order with Skoda, munitions plant of Moscow's Czech ally.

Finland, observers believe, will play along with the Germans; probably Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania will also look on the Nazis as less dangerous than the Reds.

Gain for Paris—France, whose alliances in Central Europe crumbled when she lined up with Moscow, cast desperately about for new ones until she remembered an old friend. Hitler's first big diplomatic achievement had been the ten-year treaty of non-aggression he signed with Poland, historically a French ally. Efforts to lure back the country unhappily situated between Germany and Russia apparently met with amazing success.

Gen. Edward Rydj-Smigly, unofficial Polish dictator, was received in Paris with wide-spread popular and journalistic enthusiasm. He went home with promises of a $65,800,000 loan, two-thirds of which will be spent in France for air-planes, heavy artillery and antiaircraft guns. Leon Blum's Cabinet also took under consideration a large loan for the industrial development of agricultural Poland.

According to rumor, the General also got a promise that Soviet troops would not move through Poland in case of war, but across Rumania and Czechoslovakia.

This, then, is the new line-up for Germany's expected "crusade against Bolshevism," but it may still change a dozen times before the guns rumble over Europe.

MORE "STAY-INS": Precarious Peace Follows Latest Strike in French Textile Industry

In 1914, Roger Salengro, an eighteen-year-old Socialist who had already been arrested for incitement to insubordination, enlisted in the French Army. Wounded and taken prisoner, the youth landed in a Bavarian camp where his duty and that of his fellow prisoners consisted of making shells to be used against *poilus*.

More sensitive than professional arms manufacturers who sell to all bidders, Salengro rebelled. He organized a passive strike which infuriated his German captors and led to his trial by court martial. Defending him, a German Socialist lawyer advanced only one plea: "Gentlemen, if a German prisoner in France had committed the same crime as that for which you are now trying this man for his life, it would be our duty to stand up and salute him." The court, moved by the argument, let the Frenchman off with a two-year sentence.

Now an Official—Salengro's sympathies are still with strikers' demands. Yet last week, as Minister of the Interior, it became his duty to end the "stay-in" demonstrations which had tied up sixty mills and 35,000 textile workers in Lille, the city in northern France he has served as Mayor for more than ten years.

The Popular Front Government nervously watched the spread of strikes among workers who voted it into power, fearing a return to the dangerous conditions of last summer, when nearly a million workers tied up French industry. Last week, as before, men slept in the mills, and went on short rations save for the food and tobacco which sympathizers delivered.

Gendarmes and police moved into Lille to reenforce the local authorities, but on Salengro's orders, they avoided trouble by refusing to evict the squatters. The strikes proved less gay and colorful than those of June, when workers posted salary lists in department store windows, with signs reading:

"Women who work for the present rates of pay have only two courses open to them: prostitution or a sanatorium."

Employers Protest—For days angry owners refused to dicker with government arbiters. "We are tired of having to get passes to enter our own factories," one of them said. "We are tired of faithful employees being prevented from working; we are tired of being besieged in our factories and having to take extreme means to defend our lives and those of our workers. We do not want any more pickets before our homes. We do not want our personnel hauled before a factory council. In a word, we do not want soviets in our factories."

Cabinet Ministers and the Leftist General Confederation of Labor, the New York *Herald Tribune* reported, shared the owners' sentiments; for the wave of strikes carried danger of a Red revolution or a Fascist coup. But the workers had got out of control.

Then, at an artificial silk factory at Lyons, horrified observers found that in some parts of the mill machinery was spinning away during the strike. Sovietization, Rightists declared, had begun: the workers had seized the business and were running it for themselves. But the popularly elected committee of managers explained that they

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were only finishing thread in process, to prevent acid from ruining the machines.

Meanwhile, a Lille mill owner fired a pistol at pickets who were exhorting his men to join the strike, and feeling soared toward an ugly peak when Salengro's negotiations bore results. He persuaded the men to drop their demands for a 15 per cent. raise and accept 6 per cent. Employers won a factory election system under which workers must vote by categories rather than *en masse*, which owners consider more radical.

Rejoicing—France rejoiced at the settlement, believing it would put a stop to the spreading strikes. The crisis had brought Rightist demands for Premier Blum's resignation, and rumors that the Government would soon shift to a Red State.

Vincent Auriol, Socialist Finance Minister, denied the rumors hotly as inspired by bad faith. "The idea of seizing anything," he protested, "has never entered our heads."

Future Uncertain—For the moment, Blum and Salengro had peace again. But how long the Government could survive the repeated assaults from Right and Left remained a poignant question. As a prominent French churchman wrote to a friend in America: "The day of reckoning will come, and the signs are not good. . . . The Cabinet is sure, in a few months, to collapse on a financial question. There may come the tug of war if workmen have not realized that the same Blum who was responsible for their 10 to 15 per cent. raises in salaries is also responsible for the 30 to 35 per cent. increase in the cost of living. The comfort is that the French are infinitely gentler than the Spaniards or even the Italians or Germans, and the chiefs of our Communists are as weak as anybody else."

KING ALARMER: McMahon, on Trial, Relates Fantastic Tale of Foreign Intrigue

In London's historic Old Bailey criminal court, George Andrew McMahon went on trial last week, charged with possessing firearms with intent to endanger life, presenting a pistol near the King's person with intent to break the peace, and producing near the person of the King a pistol, with intent to alarm His Majesty.

The red-haired, club-footed proprietor of a small herb shop sprang into notoriety July 16. As King Edward rode down Constitution Hill after reviewing the Guards, the Irishman tossed a loaded revolver into the roadway. Neither the King nor his heir presumptive, the Duke of York, slowed their mounts as the black object clattered to the pavement under the hoofs of the King's horse. "The damn fool!" Edward muttered as he rode on.

"Harmless" Lunatic—Police had already arrived at the royal verdict. When McMahon—he chose the name in preference to his own Jerome Bannigan—interrupted an erratic campaign against capital punishment to attack police officers, they had arrested him, then set him free as a "harmless" lunatic with a grievance. After that the Irishman deluged the Home Secretary with abusive letters. "It's all the fault of Sir John Simon," he told a judge after the pistol incident. "The King wasn't hurt, was he? I didn't want to hurt him."

But in court last week, McMahon changed that story for a weird concoction of international intrigue. Guided by St. John Hutchinson—the defense lawyer is son-in-law of an oil magnate and father-in-law of Lord Rothschild's heir—the prisoner murmured that a foreign power had hired him as a spy. He communicated with the War Office, and proceeded to try to trap his employers. They tried to arouse him

Wide World

George Andrew McMahon, a "harmless" lunatic to serve minimum sentence . . . one year

over "the rights and wrongs of Ireland," altho his family had moved to Scotland from the northern part of that troubled island forty years before, eight years before his birth.

Plot Thickens—During his testimony, the prisoner scribbled out for the judge the name of the foreign attaché who "gave him instructions." He volunteered to describe the room in the "embassy" where they met—an offer which was disregarded.

Eventually, the prisoner related, he got orders to shoot the King for $750. "Why should it benefit their country for the King to be shot at?" Hutchinson encouraged him. The prisoner answered with a broad hint at Germany: "They mentioned as one of the reasons that certain parts of his Empire would be handed over to that country if the King was not in power."

"Did they suggest they were going to make a sudden coup somewhere?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes."

Assails Police—He had tossed away the pistol, the witness insisted, to save the King, and also to protect himself. He added that his old persecutors, the police, altho forewarned, botched their investigation and failed to catch his accomplices.

When the prosecutor protested that this version contradicted his previous story, McMahon explained calmly that two of the foreign agents had attended the earlier hearing.

"I suggest the story of this plot is the product of your imagination," the prosecutor remarked coldly.

"I wish to God it were," McMahon sighed. But even Hutchinson admitted the tale sounded like "E. Phillips Oppenheim at his best, or Edgar Wallace at his worst."

Luckily for McMahon, witnesses agreed he had not aimed the weapon. The judge thereupon threw out the first two charges, which entail twenty-year sentences, holding the prisoner only for trying to alarm the King. Like the court, the jury viewed the wild story skeptically. After ten minutes deliberation, they found him guilty.

"I do not want, am not going, to make you into a sort of fancy hero," the judge told the breathless McMahon. "No description would be further from the truth. . . . I am quite satisfied that you never, at any moment, had any intention of harming the King."

Dragging his lame foot, McMahon shuffled off between guards to serve the minimum sentence the law allowed: one year at hard labor.

NEW "GIBRALTAR": Aden, Commanding Sea and Strait, Becomes British Crown Colony

East of Suez and forming an outpost of the British Empire on the southeasternmost tip of Arabia, lies the port of Aden, commanding the entrance to the Red Sea at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

Sand-laden, scorching *simoom* winds sweep the trackless deserts of the Arabian hinterland and dash against the settlement's serried, toy-like volcanic hills, whose tiny battlements jut out about the Crater Town, where white-turbaned Arabs, fezzed Jews, caste-marked Hindus, Zanzibar, Swahili and other African Negroes jostle one another.

A babel of tongues, age-old customs and riotous native colors, Aden has formed part of Britain's imperial network for almost a century. During Queen Victoria's reign, Englishmen occupied it (1838) when the native Arabs outraged passengers of a British Indian vessel and offered "unacceptable" apologies. Since then, its hills have been fortified and its harbor, Aden Back Bay, modernized to serve as a port of call, a naval base, a cable center and a coaling station, which gained it the title of Britain's Gibraltar of the East.

New Administration—Last week, while the 49,000 inhabitants languished in its enervating heat, the British Resident, who rules its destinies, heaved a sigh of relief at the news that it would henceforth become a Crown Colony, administered entirely and directly by the Colonial Office of London. So far, he has had to receive orders from the Indian Administration, for the settlement itself was part of British India. At the same time, he was responsible to the Colonial Office for the Aden Protectorate of 42,000 square miles, which lies in the hinterland, while the War Office bombarded him with instructions in regard to the air and military forces stationed there.

During Italy's recent war in Ethiopia, Aden became a busy market-place, where the Italian Army bought most of its food supplies and pack-animals, especially camels. Thither flocked the sharp Banians and Marwaris of India, the Nubian coolies and the bargain-driving Bedouins who did a brisk business for Italian lire.

When the Anglo-Italian tension followed the sanctions era, the British Resident suddenly found himself one of the Empire's most important officials. With breakneck

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speed, he ordered reenforcement of the fortifications of the Island of Perim, in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and about one and one-half miles from the Arabian Coast and fifteen miles from Africa. Perim and Aden buzzed with rumors that Britain would strike at Italy's African possessions from that base.

Defenses Coordinated—The War over, Premier Mussolini consulted his naval experts and decided on fortifying the nearby Island of Doumeirah, fifteen miles northwest of Perim. The British Colonial Office thought fast and decided on the measure of reorganizing the settlement's defenses by coordinating them under the Colonial Office.

Hot, damp and bleak, the Aden settlement and Perim harbor a population of about 49,000, who thrive mostly on trade with calling vessels and with hinterland Bedouins. The products of Arabia—coffee, rice, horses and camels—are bartered on its bazaars, where various European currencies, mostly Indian rupees, are used.

In early times, Aden was known as a large mart, where the Romans bought the Orient's gorgeous fabrics and Indian spices. It formed part of Arabia Felix, and it was even thought to have constituted part of the Queen of Sheba's Kingdom. The Portuguese navigators conquered and held it until they were ousted by the Turks in 1535. Later, however, they maintained nominal suzerainty over it and placidly allowed the Sultans of Sana, in the neighboring Arabian Kingdom of Yemen, to rule it.

Publishers Photo Service

Arabian hand industries thrive in the powerfully fortified town of Aden . . . "key" to the Red Sea and England's vast empire

STILL A DICTATOR: Vargas, in Brazilian Strait-Jacket, Finds a Way to Shake Loose

In sea-washed Petropolis, fashionable suburb of the world's loveliest harbor city, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, President Getulio Vargas loves to spend his summer vacation, away from hounding body-guards and blabbing politicians. Squat, pale-faced, yet always smiling, he roams the surf-beaten Atlantic beaches and airily discusses the latest movie thrillers with friends or one of the four children who usually accompany him.

To resort habitués, the most striking feature of the smooth-shaven, slightly graying statesman of fifty years is his habitual calm and home-loving friendly qualities.

Last week, however, tackling his country's embittered political problems with the same placidity that marks his vacation and family life, Vargas once more balked at the legal strait-jacket which transformed him from a Provisional to a Constitutional President two years ago.

Quickly he sent a message to Congress asking that a "state of war" be continued for another ninety days to enable the special tribunals to try the scores of Communists languishing in Rio de Janeiro's jails.

Four-Year War—Posing as a liberal, Vargas headed a revolt in 1930 which overthrew the régime of "coffee-plantation kings" and raised him to the dictatorship of Brazil, in the midst of a disheartening depression. But the Communists howled for reforms, and the Paulists, the Party of rich landowners and powerful industrialists whom Vargas had dislodged, harried his rule. For four years, he fought off bloody revolts and riots, contriving to ignore the persistent clamor for a constitution until 1934.

Finally, he restored the constitution and got himself elected by not more than one million plurality out of the country's 45,000,000 Lusitanian and aboriginal inhabitants. In flowery, pungent Portuguese, he promised them a "New Deal" government of technicians. Each ministry was to be advised by specialists, forming Brazil's "brain trust," which has since advocated a minimum wage scale for each of the twenty States, parceling of the large landed estates *(latifundia)* and nationalization of insurance companies.

At the same time, it was noted that the Vargas régime began to insist on Christian ideals and culture. Communists at once saw, in this bid for church support against them, a policy of suppression, and violently attacked that part of the new Constitution which, for the first time in the Republic's history, recognized the Catholic Church.

Dreading Communist and Paulist violence, which twice plunged Brazil into rebellion and army mutinies, Vargas wheedled his then weak-kneed Congress into enacting emergency laws constituting a "state of siege."

Revolt Crushed—His enemies, however, continued to accuse him of failing to carry out his social and economic reforms which, they insisted, formed the groundwork of the new Constitution. A revolt started in Pernambuco and Rio Grande do Norte, which rapidly spread to the troops at Rio de Janeiro. The bulk of the Army, however, remained loyal, and the movement of last year, which Vargas attributed to Communist machinations, was crushed. Arrests followed, including the detention of one Senator and four Deputies.

Most important of those arrested and cast in jail last March was Col. Luis Carlos Prestes, charged with heading the November Communist revolt. Last year Prestes united the radical elements of Brazil into the *Allianca Nacional Liberdadora* (National Liberation Alliance), which elected him its President.

Aimed chiefly at Prestes and his ringleaders, Vargas's message last week referred to international agitators who menace "the democratic institutions of Brazil." Special target of the Rio de Janeiro police last July was Bela Kun, former Communist dictator of Hungary, who tried to enter the country and direct his comrades' Red campaign.

To foil the efforts of Communists and impress his divided Congress this year, his Minister of Justice, Vicente Rao, assured the public that the extension of the emergency law was needed to "give the Government a suitable tool for crushing Communism, and furthermore, such a state is needed during the special tribunals' meeting."

To deal Communists a death-blow last year, Vargas had enacted the National Safety Law, which suspended constitutional guaranties and provided that "only the State has the prerogative to form a militia of whatever nature." While the bill did not outlaw the wearing of party emblems or shirts, the régime's enemies nevertheless inveighed against it as aimed at their organizations.

Militant Fascists—Especially resentful were partizans of the *Accao Integralista Brazileira* (Brazilian Integralist Action), an intensely nationalistic, anti-Communist and pro-Catholic body, which claims a membership of 1,000,000 Fascists. Originally founded to combat the Vargas régime, which they accused of Red leanings, the green-shirted Fascists claim units in every one of the twenty States, and are militant in carrying out the behest of their gangling, Hitler-mustached Supreme Chief,

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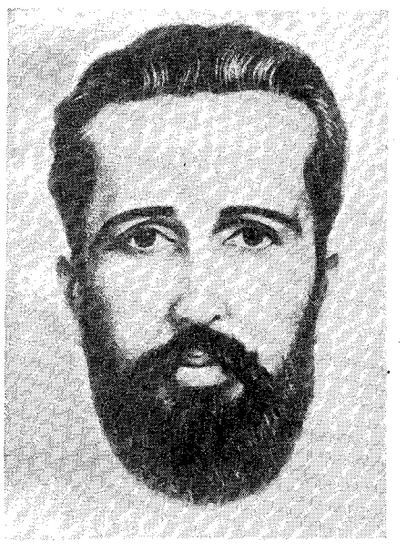
Plinio Salgado. Their slogan is: "Family, Country, Church."

Recently Brazilian police charged that they found documents in one of the Fascist headquarters plotting the murder of the Governor of Bahia. They seized Integralist leaders and suppressed their military organizations.

"Red Deal"—Salgado at once accused the President of *kotowing* to the Reds and pointed to the Vargas "New Deal" program, which he dubbed "Red-tinged."

The Communists, on the other hand, accuse Vargas of secretly fostering the Integralists, whose party platform, ironically enough, bristles with radical ideas, like that of the Brazilian "New Deal." Above all, the Green Shirts demand a dictator, death to the Communists, nationalization of banking, repudiation of foreign loans and socialization of the public utilities, mostly controlled by foreigners.

More dangerous to his régime than Integralists and Paulists, Vargas finds the Communist agitation, which is spreading



Acme

In prison: Luis Carlos Prestes is charged with leading a revolt of combined radicals

in the northern States of Bahia, Pernambuco and Rio Grande do Norte.

The peril of Red propaganda among the Negroes and *caboclos* (Portuguese and Indian half-breeds) threatens to cripple the country's largest produce—coffee—which forms 75 per cent. of its exports and three-quarters of the world's supply. These plantation-hands, usually poor and hard-worked, complain that they are exploited by the landowners, whose plantations run to 100,000-acre tracts. Of late years, Brazil's cotton production has increased substantially, presumably as a result of the Roosevelt Administration's crop curtailment, and the Vargas régime is anxiously encouraging its growth.

Having failed to break up these plantations as he promised to do, Vargas fears discontent among farm-hands, and his special tribunals are preparing to deal rigorously with the Reds.

Editorial Comment—"After three months of existence," says B. Guarani in the New York *Daily Worker*, "branch organizations of the (Communist) Alliance were functioning in all twenty States . . ." and "got general support not only from workers and peasants, but from students, middle class elements and whole sections of the Army."

The *Christian Science Monitor*, on the other hand, finds "the artificiality of the Communist peril" is "demonstrated by the movement of November, 1935 . . . . Nowhere does one see or hear of any situation which might give rise to a mass Communist movement."

CALM HIROHITO: Japan's Emperor Devotes Himself to Ancient Ritual as Orient Flares

One of Emperor Hirohito's most delicate tasks is that of reconciling and harmonizing his "two Japans"—the Japan of top-hat, turret and tank; and the Japan of *kimono*, sandal and ancestor worship.

A few days ago, the fragile, mild-mannered little *Mikado* encountered a more than usually difficult case in point:

Fifty years of Western "civilization" had produced a *camarilla* of 1936 admirals and Cabinet Ministers who itched for Imperial authority for action in North and South China.

Twenty-five centuries of inviolable tradition demanded that the Emperor devote himself exclusively to the solemn annual *Shuki Korei-san*—worship of the August Imperial Spirits.

Were 2,500 years of dynastic build-up of the *Mikado* as *Tenno* (Heaven's Sovereign), source of all power and authority in the Empire, to be side-tracked by any casual embarrassment between a Japanese gunboat and a Chinese war-lord over the murder of an obscure Japanese druggist at Pakhoi? (See following article.)

Admirals and Ministers, who were ephemeral, waited; ancestors, who are eternal, won.

Ancient Ritual—Gravely and unhurriedly, Hirohito repeated the ritual to the August Spirits of all the Emperors back to 600 years before the beginning of the Christian era, while all Japan held its breath. It was the authentication of Hirohito's own being as *Tenno*.

Meanwhile, shriveled Elder Statesmen and plump Privy Councilors cogitated solemnly on what, if any, Imperial action in the Pakhoi ruckus would be "worthy" of the Emperor.

Without their guaranty of "worthiness," he would do nothing. Admirals, generals and Cabinet Ministers might chance a few ultimata and gun-shots on their own. Consequences, if disastrous, would be on their heads.

From the rarefied aloofness in which the *Tenno* is confined by his inherited divinity, he descends privately, tho more puritanically, in the manner of gods of ancient Greece, to live as a human being.

Simpler than those of American industrial barons are the early hours of his day. At six he knuckles his eyes, climbs out of bed, lathers the Imperial stubble and shaves it himself. He puts on his own clothes without benefit of valet.

Breakfast he takes, not on his haunches, but at a table, with soft-spoken self-effacing Empress Nagako, at seven.

To Hirohito's ancestors, and to un-Westernized Japanese of high birth, the early meal was, and is, a vegetable soup with a vermicelli called *miso;* fish, boiled or broiled; rice (no bread or butter), pickles, including pickled radishes from two inches to a foot long, and eggs, boiled or poached in Japanese style.

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Emperor's hobby: Hirohito spends hours at scientific exhibits and biological research

The *Tenno* breakfasts on fruit, American oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, like any Yankee commuter.

Imperial Dandling—Breakfast *à deux* completed, his daughters, Shigeko, eleven; Kazuko, seven, and Atsuko, five, appear.

With stiff small bows from the hips, father and daughters salute. They embrace; and little Kazuko and Atsuko are dandled briefly on the imperial knee. No kisses. Osculation, one of the Western novelties they did not adopt, shocks and puzzles Japanese.

Children off to school outside the Palace grounds, Hirohito reads (thoroughly) the leading Tokyo dailies, a dozen in all, to see what his censors allow the general public to know. For the real low-down on Empire news, he calls in experts far better informed than either press or Cabinet Ministers, who may report later in the morning.

After a simple lunch, the *Tenno* comes down to earth for an hour on horseback, or at golf on the short Palace course. No Japanese dare breathe his actual score, tho it is far better than it was a few years ago. If the course is wet, he may have himself driven in a badly tailored morning suit to an art exhibit at Veno; and if it rains, he may spend his hour over a microscope at his hobby, biological research.

Further Conferences—During the afternoon, *Tenno* again, he consults and confers with statesmen; and at 6:30 dines, simply, at home, this meal in native style. His evenings he must spend at home. Neither August Ancestors nor worshiping populace would tolerate night-clubbing or other frivolous nocturnal relaxation. He may read; and he frequently tunes in on the sedate Tokyo radio programs, modeled on those of England, without advertising.

The job of sacred Emperor is confining, and he must remember that:

The *Tenno* is to Japan a magic power, above politics; unchallengeable, present representative of a line which, since five centuries before the Christian era began, has

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never tyrannized, has never betrayed. At his slightest murmur, after his councilors have pronounced a contemplated step "worthy," all opposition dies; and 70,000,000 Japanese unite in carrying out his will. When the Emperor speaks, they believe that a sacred voice has spoken; and no one presumes to question his judgment.

All but the most westernized Nipponese believe firmly that their Emperors have fed them when they were hungry and clothed them when they were cold; that they have fought their enemies and shared their trials and hardships.

Perfect Ruler—What goes wrong in Japan is never laid at the Emperor's doors. Cabinet Ministers and officials serve as whipping-boys, more often as shot-at boys. Their faults of government are taken as "usurpations," as perversions of the Emperor's will and power. The *Tenno,* they believe, is faultless; only his agents can be corrupt. And the assassinations which are the plague of Japanese political life are terribly sincere attempts to "purify" the Emperor's entourage.

No president, no dictator, no king, however revered, can achieve the adoration felt by Nippon for her Mikados. For every other people knows that no matter how perfect its present ruler—hereditary, elected or self-appointed—it has had bad rulers in the past. Japan believes that all her Emperors, back to the beginning, have been both perfect and divine, in unbroken line.

It is too late for other peoples to create so desirable a legend. This one is and must remain the monopoly of Nippon.

CHINESE UNITY: Chiang Sees Triumph as, More Heavily Armed, He Marks Birthday

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was set to enjoy a fiftieth birthday triumph last week. His Nanking cohorts, and the rich men of Shanghai, put on their *fête* day best to hand China's boss a check for $4,500,000 which he was to spend, presumably, for airplanes.

Key-note of the occasion was to be acknowledgment that he has unified China, recognition that at last China had a Government qualified, not ideally perhaps, but at least by possession of power, to speak for practically all its 400,000,000.

It was to be a public and spectacular recognition of Chiang as the one man worth backing with arms and money. Foreign credits, which above all things he needs, and which are now largely withheld, were expected to gravitate to him after such a show of solidarity, as power always gravitates to the strong hand. The $4,500,000 gift was to be the climax of the build-up Chiang and his followers have been working on for a decade.

Thirty-four land-planes, thirteen engines and quantities of parachutes, spare parts and equipment were delivered to Chiang by American manufacturers during the first seven months of this year. He was their best foreign customer. Their bill was $1,780,739.

Birthday Puzzle—As to the Generalissimo's actual birthday, authorities differ. Under China's method of date-fixing, he was born in the seventh month of the thirteenth year of the Emperor Kuang-hsu, which one group of pundits say was 1886, and another 1888.

A Chinese child is considered one year old on his date of birth. And to reduce Chiang's age completely to the state of a Chinese puzzle, something the moon did five months after he was born made him two years old within six months after his birth.

All of which waters down to the fact that his $4,500,000 aviation birthday cake was to have been cut on Wednesday, September 15.

Neither Japan, nor the stubborn anti-Japanese generals Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, away down south in Kwangsi Province, relished the show Chiang was staging at Nanking; and tho they hate each other quite as thoroughly as they despise Chiang Kai-shek, they were united in wanting to spoil his party.

Blockaded by Chiang in their inland Province, Generals Pai and Li hired quiet, cadaverous Gen. Tsai Ting-kai and his Nineteenth Route Army to blast a way to the sea for them at Pakhoi, shallow, little-frequented port around in the Gulf of Tonkin, back of Canton.

Back to Wars—General Tsai, returned from two years of exile in America after his defeat by Chiang in 1933, resumed command of the Nineteenth Route Army only on August 15. He marched into Pakhoi on September 3. And during the "welcome" fireworks, Chinese hatchet-men killed a Japanese druggist, leaving his body among bottles and dried herbs marketed to cure everything from colic to cholera.

"Investigate, apologize; and indemnify the widow," crackled the wireless from Tokyo. Eager to save face during his back-slapping party, Chiang quietly dispatched a committee by boat to Pakhoi. They landed, explained their mission to General Tsai's underlings, and were driven back on board their ship within an hour.

"Where is our apology? Where is your report?" Tokyo hounded the Nanking Foreign Office.

"The Nineteenth Army is not amenable to our rule. We are not responsible for its acts," regretted Foreign Minister Chang Chun.

"Ah. You admit that you do not control China. But when you ended the recent southern rebellion, you announced that the Nineteenth Army was to be placed under the Generalissimo's command. What about that?" snapped Tokyo.

Chang Chun could only shrug and explain that General Tsai, bought off three years ago, had grown tired of his world inspection tour, and had returned to give his own orders to the Nineteenth Army.

"Very well. We will investigate ourselves." And Tokyo dispatched the shallow-draft man-of-war *Saga* with a Japanese investigating committee on board to Pakhoi; and sent other shallow-craft warships to linger near.

Rebuff to Japan—"You can't come ashore," was Tsai's greeting to the men of Nippon. Sampans filled with gesticulating Pakhoians flocked around the *Saga,* begging the Japanese not to land.

"We, the civilians, will suffer," they cried.

In the wings, the old Chinese war-lord game of bluff, bribe, threat and compromise resulted in Tsai's offer to take another trip, a short one over the border into French Tonkin, leaving the Army to General Oung Chao-yuan, who was its Commander during Tsai's previous "vacation."

"A Chinese army is like a pair of pants. Anybody can buy it," old China hands explain. The Nineteenth bears out the theory.

Prior to 1928, it belonged to several generals in turn. In that year, Chiang called a generals' conference and numbered their armies from No. 1 to No. 40. Of the forty, only the Nineteenth has retained its name.

Like most of the others, it has roamed the land, "living off the country." Since the thirty-day siege it withstood in the German-built fortifications at Woosung during the Shanghai occupation by Japan, it has had less trouble collecting "taxes" than ever before. At Pakhoi, it is 650 miles from Foochow, its home-base in Fukien Province; and behind it lies a track like that of Sherman's march through Georgia.

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Gen. Tsai Ting-kai, Commander of China's Famous Nineteenth Route Army, acclaimed in Washington by fellow countrymen as foe of Japan

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WORK AND PLAY FOR THOSE OVER 70

Life Begins Anew at Oklahoma City School for Maturates

Old people fall into two classes: rocking-chair sitters and maturates. Maturates, says Dr. William Arch McKeever, who conducts a school for them in Oklahoma City, are elderly persons with youthful view-points.

Last week, in *Clinical Medicine and Surgery,* he described a curriculum which is teaching nearly 1,000 maturates, none under seventy, the secret of successful old age without benefit of the Townsend Old Age Revolving Pension. Most of them will live to be more than 100, the sixty-eight-year-old physician believes, and enjoy every minute of it. He's pretty certain people don't die of old age anyway; that faulty diet, lack of interest in life, loneliness and neglect kill them off.

Oldest, 112—The oldest pupil in the school, J. J. Allen, seems to bear out Doctor McKeever's claims. On his 112th birthday last spring, Allen cut a seventy-five-pound cake for 700 classmates who attended his party. More recently, he hiked seven miles.

Partly self-supporting through his hobby, gardening, he points out that a man who learned to handle a plow a century ago can hardly be turned down for lack of experience.

Other pupils of Doctor McKeever are helping to support themselves. Under instruction, encouragement in work and play, many a hundred-year oldster is pulling his weight in the boat.

Happily, they look forward to years they might not have lived in the ordinary course of events.

Fun in School—The idea of maturate education is not new to Doctor McKeever. Twenty years ago, while he was Professor of Philosophy at Kansas State College, Manhattan, he organized an experimental class of students, all of them over eighty. So quickly did they respond to new interests, mutual exchange of ideas, the fun (doubts of young people notwithstanding) of going to school, that Doctor McKeever resolved to organize even larger groups of elderly folk. Hoping it might become world-wide, he organized the School for Maturates.

Three years ago, he launched the school at Oklahoma City. It has no dues, fees or tuition. The only requirement of students is that they must be over seventy. They live in their own homes in Oklahoma City and neighboring towns; they gather regularly for classes in schoolhouses, churches and assembly-halls.

To shut-in cases, Doctor McKeever gives private instruction.

"The aged," says Doctor McKeever, "are by far our most neglected class of citizens.

"We do not recognize the fact that they need a peculiar diet regimen, a peculiar form of employment, a peculiar management of the social relations, a peculiar, new, forward-looking program for the guidance of their after-years.

"Neither physical pain, chronic illness, mental weakness, senility nor similar disabilities are natural accompaniments of advancing age. On the other hand, I assert that these drooping, dwindling, dulling features of late life are practically all avoidable, by the use of some simple measures of care, guidance and inspiration."

The motto of the school is "Something interesting for every member to do." It teaches ten rules of living for maturates:

1. Pursue extreme moderation in the use of rich and, especially, acid-bearing foods. Eat a diet emphasizing fruits and vegetables—the laxative alkaline foods.
2. Use only such foods as will maintain regular, active elimination of wastes from the body as fast as they are formed.
3. Pursue some light employment or have a hobby—some project sufficient to entice permanent interest and furnish some physical exercise.
4. Get some fun out of life—simple games, interest in sports, attendance at lectures and theaters, reading humorous literature.
5. Get out daily in the sun and air, without regard to weather conditions—walking, auto-riding, outside employment; avoid the habit of fear of braving the storm.
6. Keep in touch with the daily news, with current events, political changes, national and international affairs.
7. Cultivate systematically the spirit of friendliness, aiming to make contacts outside the immediate family circle and preserving the habit of sociability.
8. Avoid complaining, fault-finding; don't go around saying modern times are degenerate; avoid the old-age habit of brooding over the past.
9. Have some kind of regular connection with the church and its members. Study the Bible and engage in social service under some church body.
10. Cultivate an optimistic philosophy of life by reflecting cheerfully on world progress and higher spiritual values; have a hopeful outlook on possible immortality.

To study this curriculum, Doctor McKeever's maturates attend regular classes, at which he sometimes lectures them, but more often gives the whole time to recitation by the pupils. They sing, tell stories and talk about their hobbies.

The favorite hobbies are gardening, knitting, reading and painting pictures. A few go in for more strenuous items such as wood-chopping, taking music lessons and cabinet-making. One centenarian goes regularly to the movies; he hasn't missed a film in Oklahoma City in five years.

One ninety-six-year-old writes and sings his own songs. A cobbler of ninety-one continues his craft. A ninety-eight-year-old mother keeps house for her eighty-year-old son.

Longer Lives—About three persons in 100,000 are 100 or over in this country. The total number of centenarians is 3,964. Tho modern medicine and sanitation have reduced the death rate of children and young folk, the length of life has not been increased. More people live to be seventy than did a generation ago, but only about the same number reach 100 as did last century. That can be remedied, thinks Doctor McKeever. He now devotes his whole time to the School for Maturates, which he finances privately. His pupils, for the most part, are members of the middle and poorer classes.

BROKEN BACK: Eighty-Five Per Cent. Are Healed in Four Months by New Treatment

Before 1931, victims of broken back lay in plaster casts for months, not daring to move. Slowly, the body absorbed part of the injured bone, stiffened the rest of the spine. Many patients never walked again, resigned themselves to a life of painful invalidism.

Last week, Dr. William A. Rogers of Boston, in the *American Mutual Magazine,* told how surgeons, by means of a recently developed technique, are healing 85 per cent. of uncomplicated cases of broken back, in the amazing time of four to six months.

Surgeons have known for years how to

Doctor McKeever (left) with "boys" of the senior class—average age ninety

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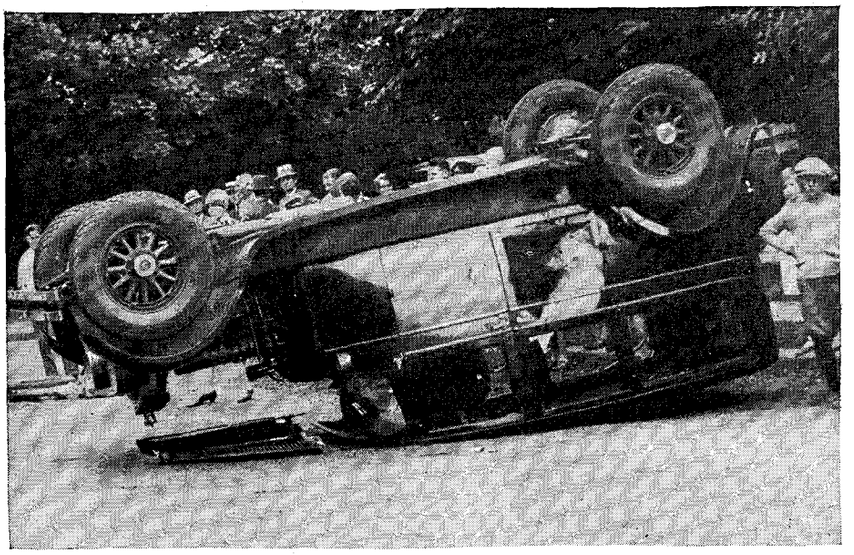

International Newsreel Photo

An increasing number of broken backs come from automobiles on their backs

reduce other kinds of fractures; until recently, they were afraid to touch the spine. Powerful ligaments compress its segments like rubber bands wrapped end over end around a tall column of building blocks. A wrong move might cause the broken, displaced segment to cut into the delicate spinal cord, resulting in paralysis for which no healing is possible.

But the machine age spurred medical men to hunt for a way.

Too many automobile and industrial accidents were leaving their victims with broken backs. Faced with a mounting toll of invalidism, a few daring medicos began experimenting.

Cause of Injury—A broken back results most frequently from a sudden jack-knifing of the body, doubling it until the spine snaps. The body then remains bent forward, with one or more vertebræ displaced and possibly crushed.

To get the bone back without severing or injuring the cord was the problem. Dr. A. G. Davis, of Erie, Pennsylvania, one of the pioneer experimenters, suspended accident victims by the feet to stretch the spine, meanwhile working the vertebræ carefully by hand. Another surgeon, Dr. S. S. Herzikoff, described a method of applying the combined strength of four men to reset the bone.

New Method Easy—But it was Dr. R. Watson Jones, of Liverpool, England, who hit upon the easiest, simplest method, which he tried in 1931.

Into Liverpool University Hospital had come a man with a broken back. Doctor Jones placed him on two separated tables, face down, the hips and legs on one table, the shoulders and head on the other. The unsupported body sagged between the tables. As it did so, ligaments and muscles, by natural, easy action, pulled the dislocated vertebra in place. No anesthetic was necessary. As soon as the bone snapped back, pain ceased.

Around the relaxed body Doctor Jones then put a plaster cast, from shoulders to hips, leaving only the legs and arms free to move. In bed, the patient lay quiet for two days, then began simple exercises: lifting the head against resistance, flexing the arms and legs. These strengthened the back muscles.

After ten days he was walking around the hospital, the terror of a broken back gone from his mind, the fear that he would never walk again banished.

In two weeks, he was on his way home to complete his convalescence. At the end of three months, the cast was removed. Daily, for another month, he performed body-bending exercises. Completely healed, he returned to work at the end of the fourth month.

Sixty-five cases of broken back were so treated before Doctor Jones dared report his method to medical colleagues. Among his cases was a man whose back had been broken and unset for nine days before he was brought to the hospital. He recovered fully.

Another, whose spine received the Liverpool surgeon's attention the day after his accident, recovered in three months; now drives a heavy truck.

American Improvements—In this country, surgeons made technical improvements in the method.

At Boston, Doctor Rogers invented a special spine-setting frame to take the place of Doctor Jones's two tables. It is now used in many hospitals.

About half the broken backs resulting from automobile and industrial accidents are simple fractures that can be successfully treated by the new method. The others, unfortunately, are little helped by any treatment. If the spinal cord is injured, nothing can be done to repair it. The cord is a great nerve trunk passing down the center of the vertebral column, connected at the upper end with the brain, giving off nerves to all parts of the body. Unlike bone and muscle, the cord can not regenerate new tissue to replace that which has been damaged.

Recently, in the *British Medical Journal*, Doctor Jones warned those who happen to be at the scene of an accident that many a spinal cord injury is caused by faulty handling of crash victims.

Handle With Care—Accident victims should be handled by trained hospital attendants whenever possible, but sometimes volunteer helpers must do what they can.

Never try applying makeshift splints to a broken back, says Doctor Jones; they may do more harm than good.

Always carry the victim of a fractured spine *face downward*. Hold him by shoulders and hips; let the body sag. The weight will tend to restore the spine to its normal position.

Patients thus dealt with sometimes arrive at the emergency hospital all ready for the plaster cast; their proper handling has automatically reset the bone.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Precision—Making munitions of war requires precision, too. Last week the War Department was tuning up its latest "precision laboratory" at the University of Michigan, where ordnance reserve officers will be taught the manufacture of artillery munitions.

The laboratory contains instruments accurate enough to show the bending of a solid steel bar from the pressure of a finger, the lengthening of a steel bar from the heat of the human body. Master gage-blocks will measure objects up to a foot long with an accuracy of two-millionths of an inch. Apparatus that uses light waves for rulers will measure pieces up to forty-eight inches long with an accuracy of one-millionth of an inch.

Only one other university, Leland Stanford, has a War Department laboratory of this type, but there are six others in existence, ready for emergency use. They are located in Government arsenals.

* * *

Torpedo—A "can't miss" torpedo, one that would come back and try again if it should happen to miss on the first attempt, has been patented by John Hays Hammond, Jr., American inventor, who already has 385 successful patents to his credit.

The enemy ship itself would cause the errant torpedo to return for a strike. The new invention contains what Mr. Hammond calls a "magnetic balance"—a contrivance so sensitive to magnetic disturbances in its vicinity that it automatically reacts to any large body of metal.

The enemy ship is just the right kind of metallic body to attract it. The mechanism, set to operating after a miss, swings the torpedo in a wide circle, to crash into the victim from the opposite side.

Of course, there's always the danger it may mistake a friendly ship for an enemy one. To prevent this, Mr. Hammond has equipped his torpedo with a simple radio control, actuated through a long antenna trailing behind in the water. From the ship that fired it, operators can steer the torpedo to left or right, or turn off the firing mechanism if necessary to protect themselves.

* * *

Driver's Alarm—Sleepy auto and truck drivers cost thousands of lives and millions in property losses each year, by dozing at the wheel, estimates the National Safety Council.

But that's a problem that need concern the properly equipped driver no more. Carl Brown, an inventor of Columbus, Ohio, has just applied for a patent on a device he thinks will solve it.

It is a small globular metal object about the size of a walnut. The driver fastens it to his collar. When he dozes, he nods. The nod causes his chin to strike a small lever, which sets off an alarm. The alarm wakes the driver; an accident is prevented.

Mr. Brown has appropriately named the contrivance "Doze-No-Mo."

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AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHERS' SALON

Second Collection, Starting in New York, to Tour Country

To keep pace with America's growing devotion to photography as a hobby, camera shows have become annual occurrences throughout the country during the past three or four years. Some are sponsored by local amateurs, others by manufacturers of cameras, lenses or film. But the U. S. Camera Salon stands as the goal to which all shutter-clickers aspire. This year's show opens next week in New York—for a two-week period—prior to a tour of seventy-five other cities.

Coincidentally, William Morrow and Company publishes the second issue of "U. S. Camera," a volume containing offset copies of the photographs included in the show, some of which are shown on these pages. Last year, 15,000 copies were sold in the month following publication, with demands for more straggling in throughout the year. This edition will include 25,000, selling at $2.90.

Mostly Pictorial—The book, almost entirely pictorial, is divided into sections which include Illustration, Portraiture, Pictorial, Scientific, News and Aerial, with an index giving the camera, lens, aperture, exposure and film. Dr. M. F. Agha, art director of the Condé Nast publications, has written an amusing introduction entitled: "Is Photography Art?"

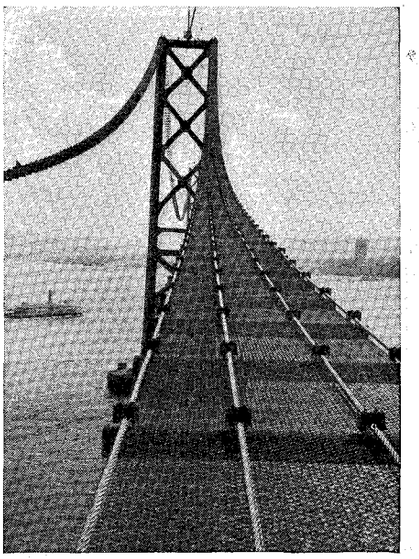
The Salon leaves its contributors almost completely unbound by rules: any one may submit any photograph taken during the preceding twelve months. Only one exception was made. Arnold Genthe, dean of American photographers, is represented by a photo taken in 1906 of the desolation immediately following the San Francisco disaster—the first candid camera shot.

Of the 25,000 pictures submitted, 40 per cent. of those accepted for the show and the book were taken by amateurs. But whether the artist is a well-paid commercial cameraman or a rank neophyte, he receives no payment for his picture, and no royalty from the publishers. The prestige that goes with acceptance, however, is welcomed by photographers.

Seven judges, all seasoned photographers or art editors, made up the Committee of Selection, with Edward Steichen as Chairman. Of the pictures shown, about fifty received unanimous votes. The remainder received at least one.

Steichen Comments—The Committee, according to Steichen, found that the average of this year's work was good, but that the proportion of really outstanding photographs was relatively small. "There seems to be a tendency to take it easy. Independent thinking and vision are not frequent, and humor is scarce. Good technique is becoming more common, and photography has apparently reached a stage where good technique may be taken for granted."

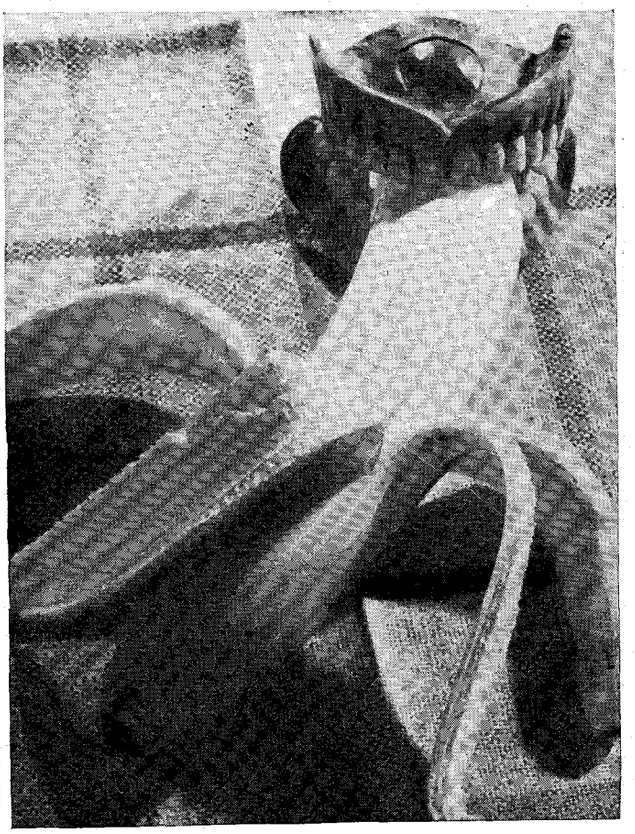
This year's group covers a wide range, both in technique and subject matter. There is the usual number of nudes, gurgling babies, seascapes and straight portraits, including some in color. But most established photographers prefer sticking to black and white, regarding color as a promising infant with certain reflexes not quite under control.



PETER STACKPOLE

ESTELLE CAMPBELL

KARL OESER



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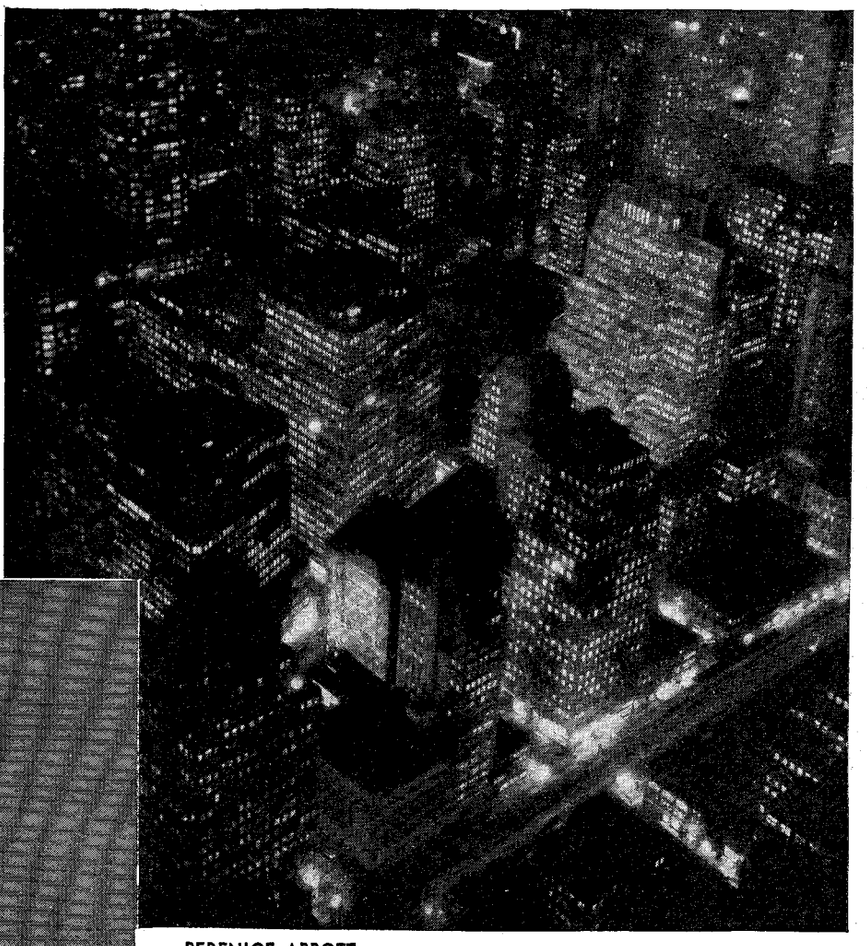

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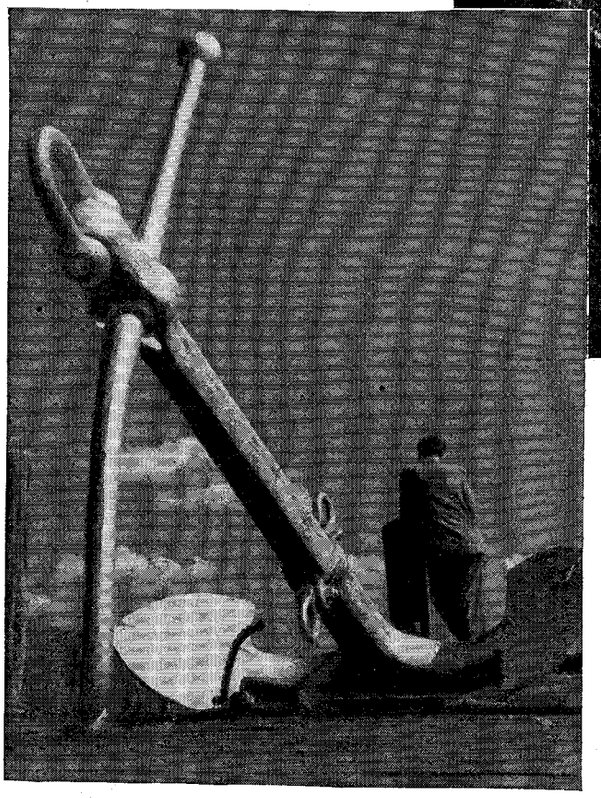
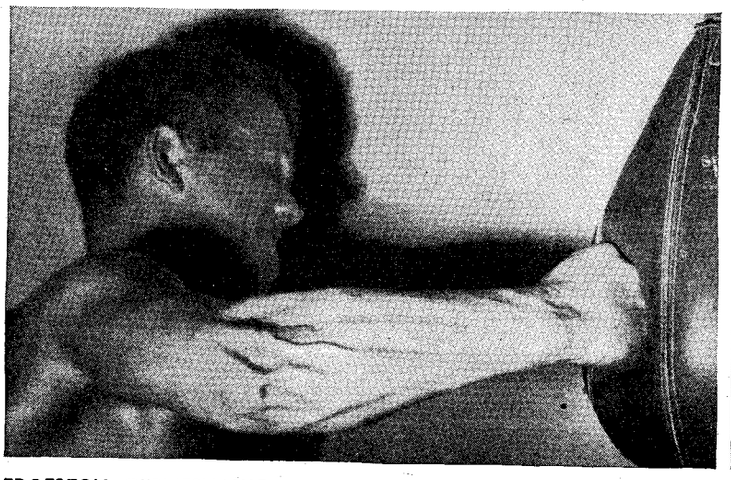
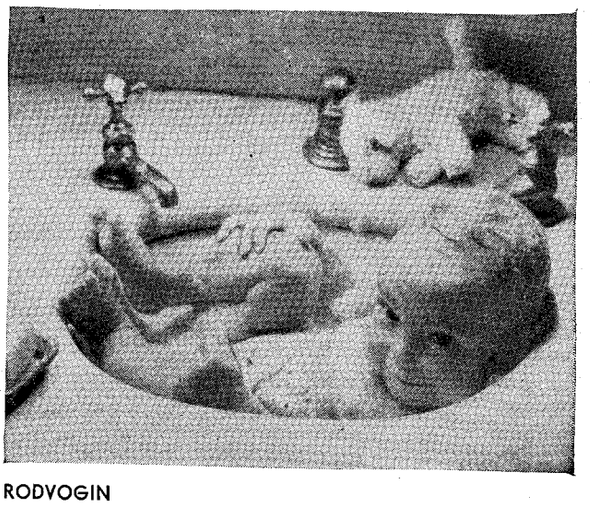


J. M. BRIDGES

HARRIS W. NOWELL



EDGERTON, GERMESHAUSEN & GRIER



RODVOGIN

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NEW BOOKS: Biography of Bligh; America's Entry in the International Novel Contest

The Life of Vice-Admiral Bligh. By George Mackaness. 717 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $5.)

Forces of law and order will rejoice that Doctor Mackaness, Professor of English in the University of Sidney, Australia, has contrived by prodigious research to rob history of a villain by rehabilitating a hero. William Bligh, it seems, has been unjustly fixed in the imagination of posterity as an ogre of Charles Laughton proportions. The Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall, abetted by the movies, gave comfort to those who regarded the name of Bligh as an infamy in the annals of the sea.

It is true that William Bligh had wrongdoers flogged; that was the way of discipline in a navy made up of convicts and men kidnaped from seaport saloons. But he was no worse than the best of the officers, and he carried out his orders with gallantry in action. He served with distinction at Camperdown; at Copenhagen, he received the personal thanks of Nelson. There was plenty in his life to make his astonishing open-boat voyage from where he was set afloat from *H.M.S. Bounty* to far-off Timor a typical Bligh achievement.

Indeed, Doctor Mackaness hits back bravely at the tormentors of William's ghost. The *Bounty* mutineers, he finds, did not run off with the ship to escape an intolerable discipline, but rather to return to Tahiti, there to make love to the pretty Malaysian damsels. Bligh may have been in the midst of a rumpus wherever he was to be found; but for the most part, history shows him to be on the right side. He did not win his Vice-Admiral's flag by being kicked upstairs. In fact, he was admittedly one of the greatest navigators of his age. His chief weakness seems to have been a cheerful, sea-doggy lack of tact.

As Governor of New South Wales, he made his mark; and if there, too, he encountered mutiny, it was because he had undertaken to carry out orders and break up a rum monopoly, as rascally as ever dishonored a colonial adventure.

To be sure, he was ingloriously hauled out from under a bed on the occasion of the revolt; he was always in and out of a court martial; and he was mixed up in the great mutiny of the *Nore*. But he was only one of the several skippers set ashore in that instance; nor was he the first.

We are chiefly in Bligh's debt, however, for his affording Doctor Mackaness an opportunity to give us an absorbing account of the early days of Botany Bay and the great voyages over trackless South Seas long before the day of wireless, geodetic surveys and well-charted anchorages.

Critical Opinions—ROBERT VAN GELDER IN THE NEW YORK TIMES: *"The poets and romancers always have been against him (Bligh), from Byron down through time to Nordhoff and Hall. But their judgment has largely been based on the* Bounty *episode and has been colored by the fact that, at first sight, Fletcher Christian and his fellow mutineers made better copy. Had they known as much of Bligh as George Mackaness . . . they might have been less forceful in their indictment. . . . The life of Bligh makes a great story. His book is both vivid and thoroughly scholarly."*

Courtesy Farrar and Rinehart

Vice-Admiral William Bligh of "H.M.S. Bounty" . . . a misunderstood hero

HARRY M. BEARDSLEY IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"This life of Bligh may well be the 'bounty' book to end books about* H.M.S. Bounty, *Pitcairn Island, Fletcher Christian,* et al. *Certainly it leaves little of importance unsaid concerning the rather tragic figure of the courageous navigator who, but for a fatal characteristic, might have become one of England's greatest popular heroes. In this book he gets a measure of the justice long denied his memory."*

* * *

Steps Going Down. By John T. McIntyre. 504 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

The Messrs. Joseph Wood Krutch, Carl Van Doren and William Soskin selected this novel as the American entry in an international prize-contest sponsored by a motion-picture company and twelve publishers in as many countries. On the strength of this novel, Yankee fiction is to stand or fall against Scandinavian folk fiction, British county tales, French romances and German war reviews. Our chances are none too bright.

Not that "Steps Going Down" doesn't make easy and often amusing reading. Briefly, it concerns itself with the adventures of *Pete*, a broken-down newspaper man who is hiding out to avoid playing the witness against the man who had got him a job in a bank. Thanks to the offices of a fat *Aunt Dora*, *Pete* at last wins back the right to walk the town's pavements, looking his fellow man in the eye. The Olympians sitting in judgment upon the world's best writing in this contest are likely to be pretty much surprized when they come to this novel.

Pete is quite a rake; he is the sort "who would spend his last dollar to keep a friend out of jail; then he comes around and steals his friend's shoe-laces." Characteristic of *Pete* is his hiding away from something which really doesn't menace him personally—and that it should be a woman who dissolves his perplexities in the end.

A bit of a hoofer, a born philanderer, a hard drinker, our American representative in heroic fiction is also a quick fighter. His method of waging war upon those who cross him has the indorsement of the best military strategists—always get in the first blow and make it good. (Note to strategists: the method causes trouble aplenty.)

A tough mug, *Pete* takes life by the collar and shakes what he seeks out of its pockets. The hit of the piece, however, is *Aunt Dora*, descended from the glories of burlesque to the pots and pans in the kitchen. She is as competent in dealing with the crooked vagaries of the human mind as she is in setting up hamburger-on-rye. While not elegant, there is much that is forthright about her.

No doubt *Pete* will bewilder the superjudges chosen to select the world's champion novel. But they will be quick to recognize the everlasting and ancient soul of the Great Mother residing in the ample person of the wise and resolute *Aunt Dora*.

Critical Opinion—FANNY BUTCHER IN THE CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE: *"As a literary engineering feat, 'Steps Going Down' is a masterpiece, for it sets down before the reader, alive and in all of their natural malodor, as foul a group of humans as one meets in a year's prowling among characters in books. . . . Shocking—in the sense that all raw reality is shocking—and, therefore, not recommended to the queasy; but for those who can take it, it is an illuminating shock."*

John T. McIntyre, who wrote America's contender for the All-Nations Prize

Non-Fiction

Was College Worth While? By John R. Tunis. (Harcourt, Brace; $2.) Analysis of the fate of Harvard, '11, with consideration of Yale and Princeton of that year, too, and a breezy but shrewd interpretation of data submitted by the alumni.

For Dear Life. By Belinda Jelliffe. (Scribner's; $2.50.) An autobiography which reads like a William Faulkner novel. An absorbing and impressive book.

Fiction

Catalogue. By George Milburn. (Harcourt, Brace; $2.) A series of sketches in the form of a novel, dealing with life in a typical small Oklahoma town. The mail-order catalog is the main character. Grand reading.

The Long Night. By Andrew Lytle. (Bobbs-Merrill; $2.50.) A novel of the Old South, but more than just another.

Miss Linsey and Pa. By Stella Gibbons. (Longmans, Green; $2.) Developing the new sport of turning on the intelligentsia and cutting them to pieces with satire.

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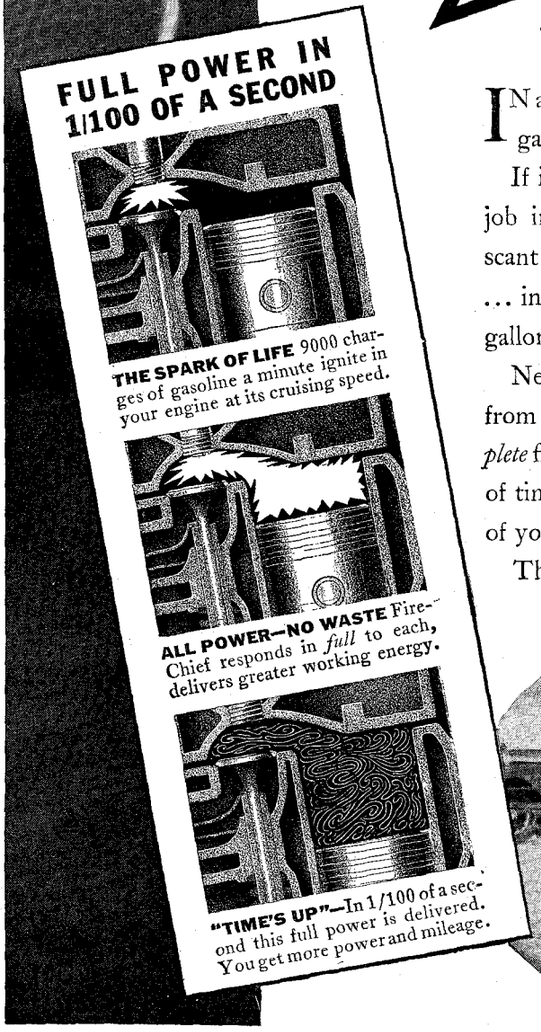
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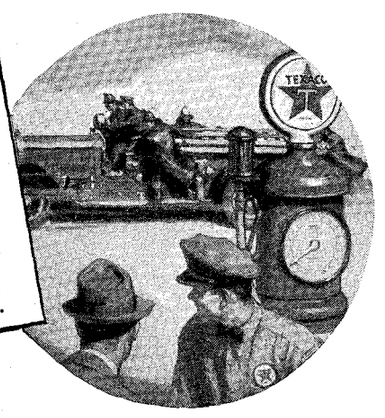

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ROUGH-HOUSING FOR A "FAUNTLEROY"

Freddie Bartholomew Is Americanized in "The Devil Is a Sissy"

The fistification of Freddie Bartholomew continues in "The Devil Is a Sissy," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest boy-meets-boy photoplay. Freddie's tennis-ball-sized fists were used to bully up some of the less kindergarten sequences in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Public response to the boyish brawl was such that, from now on, it appears that Freddie will have to poke a few kids in the nose in every picture he makes.

The English boy, brought to this country at an age when gutter brawls had not yet started, and equipped with an angelic face it would have been costly to damage, played a series of sirupy rôles. The first revolt against them came from him. He demanded the right to swat a few fresh kids in the face.

Opportunity rose in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." His employers decided 1936 was no year to release a lace-collared little gentleman on the public. So the scenarist wrote in a fight for Freddie.

Bales of congratulatory letters induced M-G-M to sprinkle his newest picture with squabbles and rough-housing. Hollywood-trained "extra" boys, used to seeing expensive stars fake their way through what only seemed to be knock-down and drag-out brawls, decided to test Freddie. One lunch-time they challenged him to a real fight, out back of the studio.

Fistic Victory—Freddie promised to be there. He slipped his tether, gulped down a quick lunch, sped to the battle-ground. A husky extra boy was chosen to give Freddie his lumps. The kids squared off. Freddie got in the first one, followed up with two more, and the fight was over.

A furious director tried to fire the $7.50 a day extras who started the fight. Freddie stood by them, insisted they keep their jobs. There never were any more fights.

Few punches were pulled in the actual fight scenes of the picture. No lasting damage was inflicted on the valuable Bartholomew face.

"The Devil Is a Sissy" is a straightforward, warm motion-picture describing the Americanization of a gently-bred, very British little boy. He is brought to New York by his artist father and, suddenly, set down to live in the brash, turbulent tenement districts of Manhattan. Two tenement brats, played by Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, undertake to educate the child in the ways of gutter and East Side.

Changing Moods—Amazingly captured by Director W. S. Van Dyke are the swift changes in boyish temperament. One moment the ill-assorted trio is shattered by a surge of fight spirit, the next the three are illuminated and made real by a flash of boyish understanding, comradeship.

Outstanding scenes: a juvenile court where a wise, sympathetic judge worms his way into the confidence of the boys and gains their fiercely loyal friendship; a Park Avenue apartment where a chorus-girl aunt gives them similar understanding and warm friendship.

Either of these scenes, brilliantly played by the boys, performed with great feeling by the adults, is certain to start freshets of tears from Coast to Coast.

Superior to both scenes is the climax in which the three, running away together, fall in with three gangsters. The gangsters also are fugitives and there is a moment of kinship among the six. This is almost immediately destroyed when the gunmen recognize Freddie as the son of a wealthy woman, estranged from her husband. They plot to kidnap Freddie, but he outwits them. It's a purely cinema touch, but has earnest foundation in the *Tom Sawyer* tradition.

Certain to cause comment is a short piece of astonishing performance by Mickey Rooney. It is late night, he but barely knows how to tell time. With artistry and restrained emotion, he acts out a scene in which a striking clock tells him that his father has just been put to death in the electric chair.

Elisabeth Bergner has her public

Broadway's Peggy Conklin, shooting to fame after able work in the theater, is excellent in the rôle of the chorus-girl aunt. Ian Hunter is without flaw as Freddie's father.

Freddie has never been more easy and natural in any of his films; it is possible this is his best.

Critical Comment—Hollywood critical comment was of high rank:

The Hollywood *Reporter:* "From its arresting title to its laughable final scene, this comedy-drama of boyhood is grand entertainment for all ages and classes."

Hollywood *Daily Variety:* "It is rich in humanity and humor, fresh in treatment and loaded with widest audience appeal for men, women and children."

Film Daily: "With neither fuss nor feathers, ballyhoo nor bombast, M-G-M has launched a winner in this attraction."

In his new picture Freddie Bartholomew emerges from sirupy roles

A NEW "ROSALIND": Elisabeth Bergner Plays in "As You Like It," Filmed Like Stage Play

Not yet imported to the United States is Elisabeth Bergner's first film in many months, her first film of a Shakespeare play. Sir James M. Barrie suggested a "straight-play" cinema treatment for "As You Like It." Dr. Paul Czinner, Miss Bergner's husband, usually her film director, thought it a good dramatic notion. Interallied-20th Century Fox supplied money, cameras and studio space.

British critics ignited no bonfires for the picture, but danced in the streets in honor of Miss Bergner's *Rosalind.*

Critical View—"In some parts of America, as in all of England, there is a public for Bergner no matter what her rôle," *Motion Picture Daily* reports. "In 'As You Like It,' she applies this test of loyalty to her following; they are asked to accept her in a Shakespearian part and they are asked to take their Shakespeare practically undiluted. There has been no attempt, as in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' to add a superspectacle to the original.

"As to its suitability for the general

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"No one can see where that tooth is filled, Ruth. But we wouldn't have had so much trouble if you had been here six months ago."

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If you would save a great deal of needless trouble and expense, have your children visit the dentist every six months in order that small cavities, of which they are unaware, may be discovered and treated before they can do any real damage. The dentist will also encourage systematic and correct toothbrushing in order to lay a foundation for lasting health habits.

Sometimes teeth need to be examined from the inside as well as from the outside. A tooth which looks sound and which has neither ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected infection. With X-ray photographs your dentist can discover whether or not you have any tooth infected at the root which needs treatment.

A diseased tooth is a menace to health. Poison from it may damage vital organs; may cause eye, ear, nerve, joint or digestive trouble, or any one of a long list of serious ailments. Write for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Good Teeth," which tells many things that you should know about the care of your teeth and gums. Address Booklet Department 1036-L.

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Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Romeo and Juliet"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "San Francisco"; "The Gorgeous Hussy"; "Swing Time"; "The Devil Is a Sissy."

AAA—"Fury"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy"; "Piccadilly Jim"; "Girls' Dormitory."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

public, it's a matter of opinion and of intelligent experiment. Certain, it appears, is that this production, well directed by Czinner, well mounted, well staged, marked by a respect amounting to deference to its original, is a sure thing for special exhibition on Broadway, in Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia. After that . . . ?"

GOING IT ALONE: Bobby Clark, With McCullough Gone, Scores in "Ziegfeld Follies"

Bobby Clark, veteran frantic comedian with hand-painted eyeglasses, stood shivering in his dressing-room in Manhattan's famed Winter Garden last week. In five minutes he would have to walk out on the stage and be funny, alone, for the first time in thirty years.

Since March he had wondered what he would do. Paul T. McCullough, for three decades his partner, had committed suicide. Clark was left alone with the remnants of their famous act.

Clark's task was made no easier by a costarring arrangement with Fannie Brice, herself an expert, poised comic. He would have to be exceedingly funny to keep up with her, he wasn't certain he could do it.

His cue came, he pulled down his ill-fitting swallow-tail coat, jammed an antic hat on his skull and strode out to a cannonading of sympathetic applause.

Vacation Ended—"The Ziegfeld Follies," operated since Ziegfeld's death by the Shuberts in New York, had been closed four months. Many cast changes had been made, several new sketches added. Part of the burden of making it seem new and keeping it bright rested on Clark.

His first sketch was a burlesque on spending in Washington. He played the rôle akin to that of Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell in the make-up of the New Deal. It was a wild, undisciplined burlesque.

Thereafter, the evening was his, the critics wrote him down as a reliable solo clown, his fears ended.

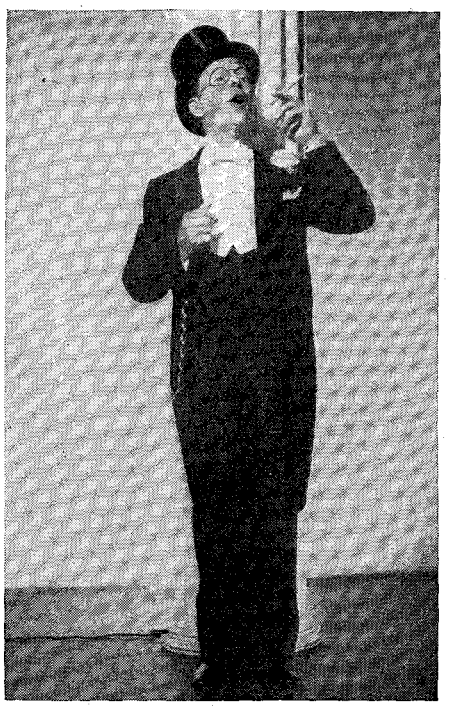
Clark and McCullough were schoolmates in Springfield, Ohio. They teamed together as pretty funny kids at an early age, drove their parents wild, but managed a Middle Western theatrical début. Their career ran the gamut from minstrel shows to burlesque, from patchy tent shows to Ziegfeld's own "Follies."

Clown of Team—In the beginning, McCullough was the head-liner, Clark the "stooge." Clark's wit quickly altered that, and McCullough was relegated to foil work while Clark was the brilliant comedian. There is an exact parallel to that in the brother team of Willie and Eugene Howard. Years ago, they started together with Eugene the important member of the team, Willie merely a tag-along. Eugene, noted as a singer, remained one and became a sort of singing stooge. Willie became the clown and the head-liner of the act.

Clark and McCullough, as youngsters, were at their best as acrobats. They adorned the perches and trapezes of Ringling Brothers, Hagenback-Wallace and other circuses. Traces of that early training were seen only last week when Clark did a comedy routine with an old hat, ending up by stamping it down three times and then kicking it high into the wings.

The theater, stumped for reliable comedians after a series of Hollywood raids which took the glibbest loons to California, counted itself winner by one. Clark, it found, could be funny without his partner.

"The Golden Journey" opened last week . . . the audience laughed; critics barely smiled



Bobby Clark carries on as solo clown

POETIC UNDERTAKER: He Is Central Figure in "The Golden Journey," Early Season Play

The drama season of 1935-'36, still half asleep, has offered no winning play to date, two middling comedies. Newest of the pair is "The Golden Journey," one more first-play testimony to the doubtful legend that authors are the most engaging human males in existence.

Two critics smiled, no critics laughed aloud in the Booth Theater in New York last week when Edwin Gilbert's first play was presented. Next morning, fourteen mixed critical opinions, none deeply favorable, were read by an audience which had laughed and enjoyed itself.

Versifying Amid Gloom—Gilbert places a second-rate dramatist, a plagiarist novelist and a poet, temporarily in the undertaking business, in an East Side apartment. They haven't a cent.

The mortician versifier submits poems by Shelley to magazines, only to have them rejected as trash by modern editors.

The dramatist, betrothed to a Junior League girl with Broadway ambitions, has his play put on through her influence.

The novelist translates an old French manuscript, passes the book as his own, uses a publisher's giddy wife as a wedge toward publication.

In the end, three not admirable young men have money, success and ease.

Hollywood scouts suggested that Gilbert be hired as a scenarist. If the films buy his play for a bale of cash and he is hired to go westward in the golden chains of Hollywood, he probably will not care what flinty critics thought of his play as theater fodder.

Critical Comment—Richard Watts, Jr., New York *Herald Tribune:* "An earnest and likable cast strives ambitiously to make the author's epigrams and other whimsies properly hilarious, but the task would have puzzled even more Olympian talents than theirs."

Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News:* "There is no more than thirty minutes of fun and sixty minutes to be spent trying to recapture the spirit of the fun after it fades."

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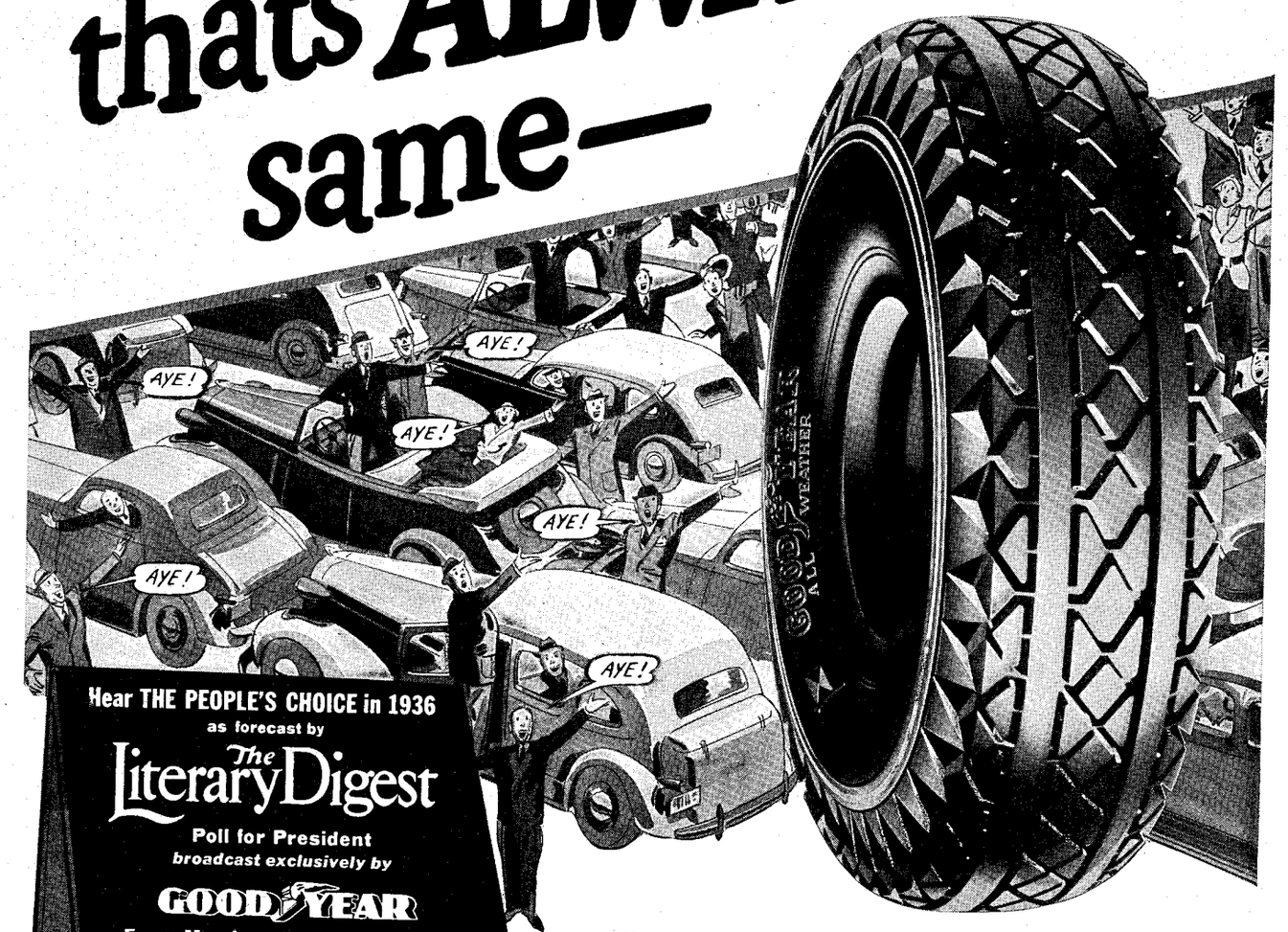
One Poll that's ALWAYS the same—



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ENDING THE STIGMA OF ILLEGITIMACY

More of America's Millions of Helpless Infants Are Shielded

In the nation's 6,000-odd hospitals last week, 40,000 infants gasped, blinked, sounded their first shrill wails of life. For the fortunate ones, a happy mother beamed, a proud father threw out his chest in a near-by waiting room.

For the unfortunate—one out of every forty—there was no rejoicing. They were additions to the world's army of illegitimates*, born to unwed fathers and mothers.

Every State in the Union has made some provision concerning the status of these children, but up to June of this year only three—California, Massachusetts and New Hampshire—had laws absolutely protecting them from any stigma. In June, New York became the fourth.

Last week, as the New York plan swept into full operation, doctors, welfare workers and lawyers in other States studied new figures, considered how the new law would work.

Legion of Millions—They knew that in the United States there are living to-day more than 3,000,000 persons born out of wedlock. They read Metropolitan Life Insurance Company figures which showed that while the legitimate birth rate decreased by 11 per cent. during the five worst depression years, the illegitimate rate jumped by 12 per cent.

The plan which the four States have now adopted, which assures that an illegitimate birth cannot be traced, is simple. The New York certificates, for instance (see cut), ask only for the maiden name of the mother and the name of the father, and provide no space to indicate whether they are married or unmarried.

Said Gov. Herbert H. Lehman, most potent vote-getter the State ever had: "This bill will go far in removing the stigma of illegitimacy from children unfortunately born out of wedlock. I have always felt that the State should undertake to give the fullest measure of protection to such children."

But there were those who felt the New York plan did not answer the problem. Carl C. Carstens, Executive Director of the Child Welfare League of America, protested:

"Altho I approve the safeguarding of records of children born out of wedlock, I feel that the elimination on all original birth certificates of references as to illegitimate status, as in the recent New York legislation, weakens the ability of welfare organizations to keep informed on the size of the problem and the best methods to care for these children.

"Such information should be kept privately on file, or the sources of our understanding of this social problem will be lost."

Most welfare homes and other institutions caring for unfortunates refused last week to participate in the controversy, insisted that no opinion could be formed until the law had been in operation for some time.

Fight Goes On—In spite of the disagreement over the law, however, the fight for what was termed fairness to the natural-born child continued in a score of other States on the eve of legislative sessions.

The scope of the problem varies in different parts of the Union.

Because of the high Negro illegitimate rate, averaging more than 140 out of every 1,000 births, compared with the white average of 20 out of 1,000, the South shows the highest rate.

The Dixie birth rate for children born to unwed parents averages 125 per 100,000 population, with South Carolina leading (238), and Mississippi (211) and Alabama (200) next. The Pacific States are lowest, averaging 25 per 100,000 population.

*Estimated to be 45,000,000 in so-called civilized nations.

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Babies "For Sale": Paris solves the problem of abandoned children with a "Baby Store" . . . only one to a customer, who must guarantee a good home

Who are the mothers, more than 70,000 of them every year? First of all, they are more likely to be living in rural districts than in cities.

They are young. Forty per cent. are between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, while 15 per cent. are between fifteen and nineteen years, and 2 per cent. are between ten and fifteen. On the other hand, 38 per cent. of the fathers are over twenty-five.

The mothers are mostly native-born. The foreign-born have a lower rate, with Italians lowest of all. The highest among foreign born—Canadians—are still below native Americans.

The young mothers have not had happy homes of their own. In half the cases examined by social workers, they came from homes broken by the death of one or both parents, or by divorce, separation or desertion.

Intellectual Status—Mentally, they fall into the lower classifications. More than 20 per cent. of the total are below normal in intelligence, and under sixteen years the number jumps to 30 per cent.

Thirty-three per cent. have been delinquent in adolescence, prior to bearing an illegitimate child.

The mothers are for the most part young wage-earners in the less skilled class. Fifty per cent. are in domestic service.

In foreign nations, the numbers are in many cases even greater than in this country.

Austria tops the list, with more than one-fifth of its entire births out of wedlock, and the number increasing. In Germany, the figure tops 12 per cent.; in Denmark 10 per cent.; France, 8.5; England, 4.5; Italy, 1.3, and Czechoslovakia, 1.1.

Health Handicap—The illegitimate children in every nation have a higher mortality rate than their legitimate brothers and sisters, largely as a result of being separated from their mothers.

But in spite of all their handicaps, strains of genius have often developed in the unfortunates.

Many of the world's most famous musicians, artists, actors, writers, statesmen and even kings are on the list.

On the other side of the ledger are the thousands who have died or gone through life branded by an act for which they had no responsibility.

After generations of study, welfare agencies contend the problem can be met fully only by five measures:

1. Proper care and protection of the mentally subnormal.
2. Education in sex hygiene.
3. Provision of proper recreational facilities.
4. Reeducation of the delinquent.
5. Legal changes to protect illegitimate children, and to hold both mothers and fathers responsible for their support.

While some social workers have attacked the first four steps, many State and national laws have been passed to provide legal justice.

European Models—Standing as models for the world are the laws of Scandinavian countries.

A Norwegian act passed in 1916 gives a child born out of wedlock the same right of inheritance as a child of legitimate birth. The responsibility for maintenance is placed on both parents.

The Swedish law, passed two years later, gives no right of inheritance from the father except in the case of "betrothal

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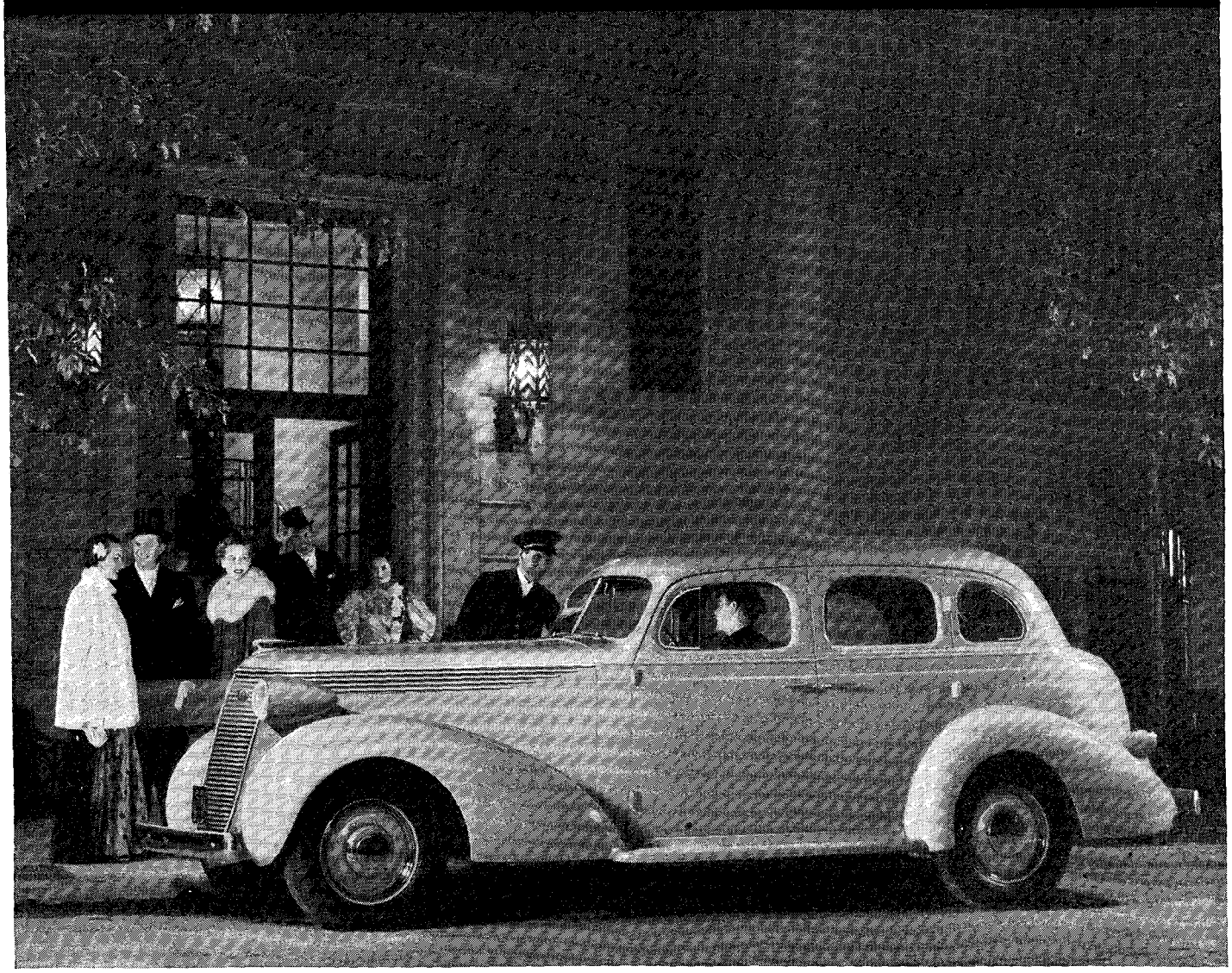
★★★★ STARRING *the spotlight cars of 1937*



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

Exciting New STUDEBAKERS

$665 AND UP, AT SOUTH BEND

A magnificent new President Eight as low as $965

★

An impressive new Dictator Six as low as $665

Starring new style!

New "winged victory" louvers and radiator grilles! New one-piece hoods! New torpedo type headlamps! New high-visibility windshields! New interiors richly styled by Helen Dryden!

Starring new economy!

World's first cars to offer the gas and oil saving advantages of automatic overdrive and the sensational new Fram oil cleaner! Brilliantly upholding the economy reputation of those 1936 Dictators and Presidents that averaged 24.27 and 20.34 miles per gallon under AAA supervision!

Starring new roominess!

New body spaciousness, achieved by a new double-drop frame and a new lower positioning of the propeller shaft, gives these Dictators and Presidents interiors that average 3 inches lower—with proportionate increase in leg room! Seats are the same height as living room chairs.

Starring new comfort!

These new Studebakers are easily the world's first fully "weather-conditioned" cars! They have heavy sound proofing and temperature controlling insulation! They have rain drains above doors and windows! They have built-in windshield defrosters! They have a new ventilating system.

Starring new luggage space!

New lower floors and flatter 18-gallon gasoline tanks make these Dictators and Presidents the world's largest cars in luggage capacity! The trunks, whether concealed or extended, are enormously roomy.

Starring new safety!

These Dictators and Presidents have the world's strongest steel-reinforced-by-steel bodies with the world's largest one-piece steel tops! They are the world's only cars with the automatic hill holder! They have the world's finest, smoothest, feather-touch hydraulic brakes!

Starring new engineering!

A new underslung rear axle increases roominess and makes operation quieter and smoother! New Dual Range steering cuts the turning effort of parking almost in half! And the improved Studebaker wheel suspension more than ever assures a "Miracle Ride"!

Starring new value!

These great new 1937 Dictators and Presidents justifiably emphasize their low prices! On a dollar for dollar basis, they cannot be equalled! Dictator prices at the factory begin at $665—President prices at $965. New C.I.T. budget plan offers low time payments.

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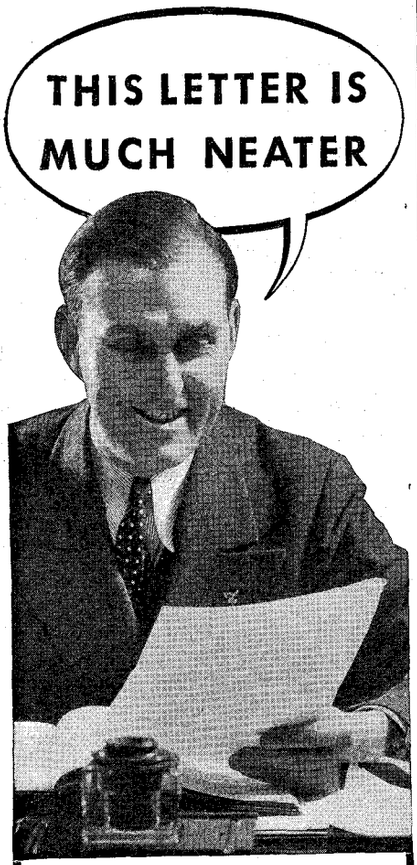

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In many offices important carbon copy records often become illegible for some simple reason. Original letters, *too*, are frequently untidy and poorly typed through no fault of the secretary. The difficulty may lie in a number of places: Too heavy paper stock, faulty platens, incorrect weights or finishes of carbon papers, ribbons unsuitable to the machine or the operator's touch. Your Webster dealer will make available to you a free survey of your office requirements. There is no obligation. Just write to us on your business letterhead, and we will see that you receive prompt attention.

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With Five Extra Features.

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children," but places responsibility for support on both parents. Illegitimate births are recorded, but are kept private.

Russia has gone furthest of all, with a law that recognizes absolutely no difference between an illegitimate and a legitimate child.

Original laws in the United States were unfortunately based chiefly on the old English common law, which in the interests of morality dealt harshly with the *filius nullius* or "nobody's child." He had no legal rights, either of inheritance or support, could claim no legal relationship, even with his own mother, and could not be legitimatized by his parents' subsequent marriage.

Gradually the status of the natural child in this country has been improved, until to-day the subsequent marriage of the parents makes a child legitimate in forty-five States—all but Arizona, Kansas and Tennessee.

Inheritance Proviso—In twenty-one States (Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin, Delaware and Michigan) the written acknowledgment of the father establishes paternity for inheritance purposes. In fourteen States (Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Utah, Nevada, Iowa, Kansas, New Mexico, Maine and Indiana) oral admission suffices.

All States except Connecticut have changed original inheritance laws in favor of the illegitimate child. The Nutmeg State makes no express provision, but its law has been construed to give inheritance rights on the mother's side.

Many States make a practise of keeping birth records confidential, altho only a quarter have made the provision legal. Nine States (Colorado, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Texas, West Virginia and Wisconsin) give special court protection to transcripts of illegitimate birth records, and five more (Illinois, New Jersey, Utah, Wisconsin and Rhode Island) limit information on notification blanks to non-committal facts.

Texas, Illinois and Alabama since 1931 have made legal provision for the issuance of new records for adopted children, and they, together with California and Connecticut, protect original records in such cases.

Only Illinois, by a law passed in 1933, does the same for children whose parents subsequently marry.

Foundling Records—Five States (Iowa, Minnesota, Rhode Island, West Virginia and Wisconsin) provide by law for notification of the Bureau of Vital Statistics when paternity is established by judicial proceedings, the information to be entered on the birth record. Illinois, California and Wisconsin since 1933 have provided for the filing of foundling birth records, with approximate date and place of birth, but similar provisions in the New York bill were defeated.

In Arizona and North Dakota, legislative statements declare that all children shall be considered the legitimate offspring of their natural parents.

Several States have made it possible for the child to be legitimatized by various means. In eight States (Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Michigan, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee) and Hawaii, a child may be made legitimate by court procedure, upon petition of the father. In Michigan, the father has only to file an acknowledgment.

Four States (Delaware, Louisiana, Maine and New Mexico) ask the parents to file acknowledgment in any notary's office.

In nine Western States, public acknowledgment by the father legitimatizes the child, as does adoption by the father and reception into his home.

Further Protection—Minnesota and Wisconsin have established central agencies to determine the paternity of illegitimates where possible, and to protect their interests generally.

These are the statistics that record the success thus far of the struggle for legal recognition of rights.

But mere figures do not show the pathos behind the individual cases that spur on the efforts of welfare agencies. There is, for instance, this letter, written by a fourteen-year-old boy, who from infancy had been a ward of a public agency:

"Dear Mother: I was very glad to hear from you. I was so surprized to hear from my mother I didn't know what to do. I didn't know I had a mother. Have I a father, sisters or brothers, aunts or uncles? I am well; how are you? I hope you are well. Please write to me, and tell me all about you.

"From Your Son."

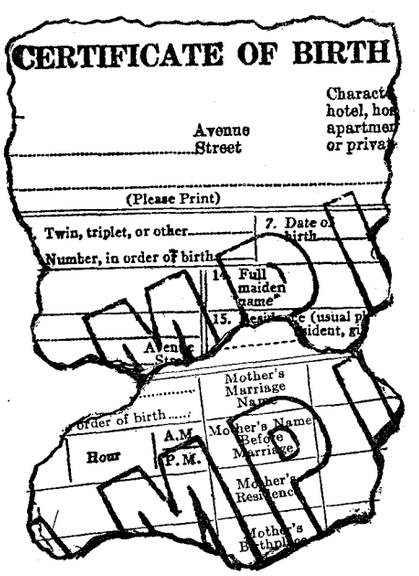
Uncertain Lives—The social handicaps in such cases are obvious. Nearly always the children are deprived of the fundamental right to normal home life with their parents.

For economic and social reasons, they are often switched about from one caretaker to another, with little or no chance for normal development.

Efforts to conceal their parentage and status often bring about emotional conflict, so that a feeling of insecurity and inferiority may develop, leading to behavior difficulties.

Even when the child may be kept by the mother, her extreme youth and low earning capacity limit its chance in life. Even in the social legislation of recent years there may be discrimination, as in mothers' aid laws, for instance, in which only three States, Michigan, Nebraska and Tennessee, include mothers of illegitimates in those deserving of help.

Few agencies deal primarily, according



New York's new birth certificate (above) asks only for mother's maiden name; the old (below) required her married name

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to the "Social Work Year Book" for 1935, with the problems arising in this field. The inspiration for most of the recent legal advances and most of the real leadership have come from the United States Children's Bureau. Its excellent research and its stimulation of the legal profession and social workers have been most fruitful.

Adoptions—Most of the work of private agencies is done through the placing of the children in foster homes.

Two-thirds of all adoptions are of illegitimate children.

For those not adopted, the earlier type of extremely religious institution is being rapidly replaced by more modern institutions, operated on scientific case-work principles.

Such modern methods are being relied on to settle the controversy started at the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection held in 1930 as to whether it is best that the natural child should be kept with its mother.

The general finding of that conference, however, marks the conclusion on which all students of the problem agree: that efforts should never be halted until the natural child is accorded his rightful legal position in every State in the Union.

HUMANE TRAPS: Crusaders Against Cruelty Seek to Alleviate Torture of Animals

With a bone-snapping crunch, grim steel traps clamp their jaws tight on the majority of the 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 little animals caught annually for their pelts in the United States.

Their legs broken or mangled, the furry victims often writhe in pain while awaiting merciful death; or chew their way to safety, only to succumb later to their injuries.

Believing this unnecessary, humane leaders for years denounced these horrors, sought means to humanize trapping, once a $500,000,000 (predepression) industry, to-day cut to half that amount.

First concrete step was in 1926, when the American Humane Association instituted a Humane Trapping Committee. A federation of anticruelty societies, it named the late Mrs. Fiske, the actress and animal lover, Chairman, appointed W. E. Sanderson, forestry expert and naturalist, Field Agent.

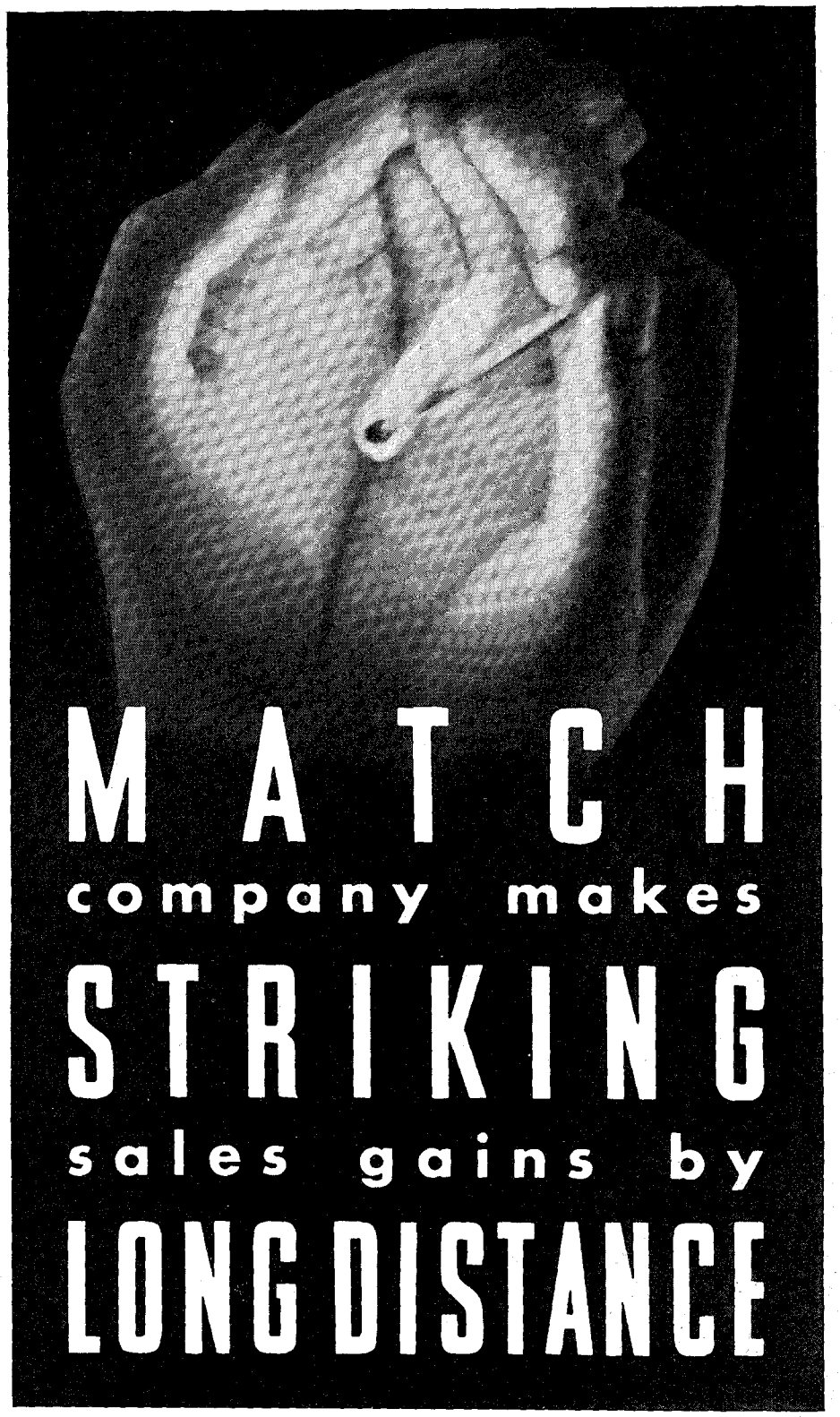
Six years later, the Association created a special Wild Life Department, made Mr. Sanderson Director.

Ten Years' Progress—Next week, at Houston, Texas, Director Sanderson will address the sixtieth annual convention of the Association, review ten years of unceasing work which in that period has accomplished more to lessen cruelty in animal catching than was done in the previous half-century.

Trained in the Yale and New York State (Syracuse University) Forestry Colleges, Mr. Sanderson, short, dark, broad-shouldered and forty-eight, knows as much about the business as any trapper, has divided his time between exploration of trap lines and legislative lobbies.

Legislative Aids—The chief upshot of the former is an annual humane trap contest started in 1927; of the latter, passage of restrictive laws in twenty-seven States requiring some or all of the following:

Daily visits to lines; names and addresses on traps; capture of animals alive and



A match manufacturer distributes through brokers in larger cities across the country. The brokers sell to 2000 jobbers. The manufacturer's two representatives make calls in person on both groups two or three times a year.

The company believed that more frequent coverage would bring closer relationships and more business.

Accordingly, the representatives combined personal visits to brokers with telephone calls to outlying jobbers. Results—more customers and prospects contacted in less time—sales volume increased at low cost—more orders between trips.

In one month, 1200 telephone calls, costing $720, sold the total output for several weeks!

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The Best ink Value of 1936!

For only a few cents more, this new Carter "Cube-Stand" will be included with your next purchase of Carter's Ink. Both stunning and practical, the "Cube-Stand" fits *any* size pen you may own—fountain pen or dip pen. Its rubber treads guarantee non-skid firmness. And when one Cube is emptied, just put in a new one. No trouble at all. Ask your Carter dealer about this special introductory offer.

The Cube has a wide mouth for easy dipping and filling . . . and a leakproof screw cap that opens when you want it to.

For a limited time only, this "Cube-Stand" and a Cube of Carter's Ink for 39¢. Permanent, Washable and rich Sunset colors.

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unhurt, *i. e.*, in traps without teeth; a report of animals trapped; permission to trap on private lands; regulated spread and type of trap, and, finally, restricted location, manner and season for operation of traps.

Incentives of premier interest in this work are the trap contests, which draw thousands of devices from trappers, inventors, humanitarians from all over the world. Manufacturers, dealers, trappers' associations and State and Federal officials take an interest in prize-awards.

Three types of traps are concentrated upon: first, for taking animals alive and unhurt; second, for painless leg-gripping; third, for killing the quarry outright, with prizes totaling $500.

Thirteen of these prize-winning traps are now being marketed commercially, with four to six more soon to be ready. Tho far from the goal of a thoroughly cheap and efficient device, the Association announced that this year's winners came nearer than ever before.

Killer Types Failed—A few years ago, the humanitarians felt that this goal lay in the killer types of device.

Inquiry proved, however, that these killed only under certain conditions, often mutilated horribly, were a menace to trappers' domestic animals.

As a result, the Association decided to devote energies toward promoting an "alive and unhurt" instrument. This is usually a boxed affair, tho some of the leg-gripping kinds, while not classified with the former, cause a minimum of injury.

Most famous inventor of these humane traps is Vernon Bailey, tall, bespectacled septuagenarian, who is retired Chief Naturalist of the United States Biological Survey.

A member of the Scientific Consulting Board of the American Nature Association, he lives in Washington, D. C., where he manufactures his traps.

Pan and Bow—His premier device (see cut) is a leg-gripping variety consisting of a pan and bow, coiled so its two arms keep any desired tension in the chain attached to the ends and forming a double slide-noose. Animals step upon the pan, which springs the chain around their ankles. In releasing, they are first muzzled, put in a sack. In this way, many animals not wanted can be freed.

In Boston, the Animal Rescue League and the Massachusetts Federation of Humane Societies are actively interested in the work, send a special collection of traps to the American Humane Association's contest yearly.

Dating back to at least 1660, the steel-trap used in the United States and abroad has always been regarded as a gruesome instrument of death. In the middle of the last century, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in England offered vainly £50 for the invention of a trap to catch rabbits and vermin without pain, and the late King George V forbade the use of steel traps on his estates.

In 1921, the American S.P.C.A. put up a $500 prize for a humane trap and examined 500 to 600 samples; soon after, the now defunct National Association of the Fur Industry offered $10,000 for the perfect catcher.

Despite such stimulation to invention, the old-fashioned steel variety remains the lightest and most economic device for trappers. The new box or cage traps of the "alive and unhurt" variety, they insist, are too cumbersome in isolated territories. Likewise, they find the link chain trap impractical. Consequently, the new humane types are for the most part used only by sportsmen.

Vernon Bailey, dean of trap inventors

"The American trapper has never opposed in any way efforts to promote humane traps," said W. J. Brett, Editor of the *Fur Trade Review* (New York), last week. "When a practical and inexpensive one is invented, he will use it. But there has never been and never will be any sympathy for predatory animals, such as wolves, coyotes, wolverines and bobcats."

The trappers contend that small animals caught in steel traps usually die quickly anyway, because of the intense cold. Too, they suffer very little, they point out. So far as releasing them goes, these outdoor business men are anxious to get to their quarry as soon as possible, take advantage of market conditions.

These trappers, a million strong, are mostly farmers and their sons. Their "take" is about $50,000,000 annually, mostly in skunk, opossum and muskrat, the latter most important, with 10,000,000 pelts.

But their supply diminishes yearly, chiefly on account of the evils surrounding the use and overuse of the steel trap.

Meanwhile, Director Sanderson feels that the ideal humane trap is not far off, and that when it is invented, the world will beat a path to the inventor's door.

Trap Judges: C. E. Wheeler, Connecticut Game Commissioner, and W. E. Sanderson

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Off-Side

Two-Gun Hold-Up—W. D. Wallace, of Atlanta, Georgia, had a feeling he was going to be robbed, so took his pistol with him as he left home. The premonition became stronger as he walked down a dark street, so he pulled out his gun. Just then a Negro stepped up behind him and jammed another pistol in his back. Wallace handed over his $23.

* * *

Candidate's Life—Defeated in the Democratic primary for Lieutenant Governor, H. B. Thorn, of Little Rock, lists his joys and trials as candidate: "I listened for 2,000 hours to pleas for jobs (promising none) from 8,000 people; heard 297 proposals for double-crosses and trade-outs (did neither); and saw 50 per cent. fewer drunks than during Prohibition (what a word) or ever before."

* * *

Feels Better—In Tulsa, Oklahoma, an unidentified woman appeared at a radio station to try out for a screaming part in Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue." After being offered the part, she walked out. "I wanted to scream about the heat all summer. Now I'm satisfied," she explained.

* * *

Robbers' Aid—Berdie Hines, of Salt Lake City, bought a German shepherd dog to cope with burglars who have been visiting him regularly. One night he returned home to find $20, two suits, three quilts and all his chickens missing. The dog was chewing up a $25 check the callers had missed.

* * *

Parking Slot—A gentleman in Utah was recently seen clinging unsteadily to a parking meter with one hand and inserting nickels with the other. "The thing's crooked," he complained. "I've put in $5.75, and it hasn't paid off once."

* * *

Married Courage—Nazi leaders have decided that any man who has lived to be twenty-six without getting married "lacks courage and determination"—hence is barred from a special course in Nazi leadership.

* * *

Pearl Mate—While R. A. Ryan, of Fort Worth, Texas, was digging for bait, he uncovered a mussel. Out of it dropped a pear-shaped pink pearl. It will be very valuable if some one can find a mate.

* * *

Mother Rooster—The rooster of Blacksburg, Virginia, which recently startled the countryside by beginning to lay eggs is now the proud mother of six chicks. All are normal, just smaller than usual.

* * *

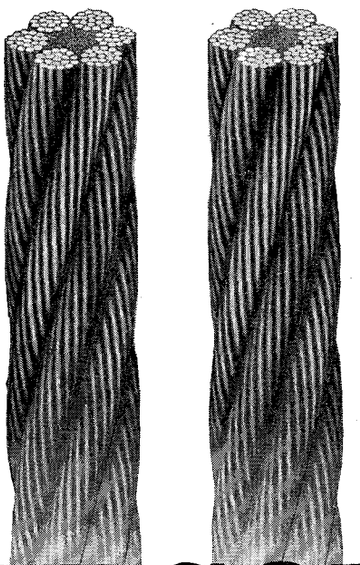
Bicentenarian—A Javanese of Ipoh, Federated Malay States, claims to be 190. He says he saw the first white man to arrive in British Malay and the first Britisher to get his throat cut by natives.

* * *

"Paradise Curve"—Chico, California, reports that after five auto accidents and seven deaths, "Paradise Curve" will have to change either its name or its shape.

* * *

Pig Monkey—A porker born near Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, has the head of a monkey. The rest is just pig.



THE SOUL OF A WIRE ROPE

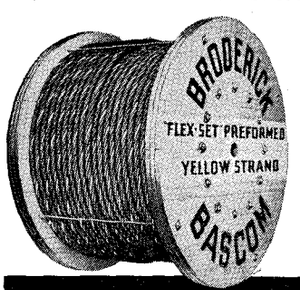
These two pieces of wire rope are identical in grade and appearance. Yet one will far outlast the other because it contains a great "intangible something"—an element that cannot be stated in metallurgical or mechanical terms. It is the "soul" of the rope.

It originated with the founders of the Broderick & Bascom Rope Co., sixty years ago. They instilled it into their descendants, their engineers, the entire staff and mechanical force.

Today that "intangible something" is the soul of every rope this company manufactures. It made *Yellow Strand* a super-rope, famous wherever wire rope is used—mines, construction, road building, excavation, factories.

"Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand is this same super-rope with the wires and strands shaped during manufacture to the helical form they occupy permanently. Preforming makes the rope limp and tractable, practically pre-broken in, easy to handle and install, remarkably resistant to kinking and fatigue, longer lived under severe conditions. Thus, mechanical ingenuity has been combined with this invaluable element to make a great wire rope greater.

Every user of wire rope is invited to form an intimate acquaintance with "Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand and learn how to keep his costs down.



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Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM . . . is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

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BEECHIES . . . another really *fine Peppermint Gum*—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE—Its firmer texture gives much needed *mouth exercise . . . and its* dehydrated milk of magnesia *helps neutralize mouth acidity.* Each piece individually wrapped.

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By John B. Opdycke

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Fashions

REGAL MODE: Coronation, Lower Tariffs and Costume Movies Aid Revival of Lace

"Make women more feminine!"

With this slogan, stylists in England, France and the United States aim to revive clinging-vine clothes.

As a means to this end, they are trying to reintroduce lace as a vital item in milady's wardrobe. Next week, American and European manufacturers are launching a demonstration tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Lace made out of cotton, silk, artificial silk, wool and linen will be shown, in hats, parasols, gloves, shoes, fans, underwear, negligées, corsets, umbrellas, rain-coats, day and evening dresses. Some of these —umbrellas and rain-coats—will not even be launched officially on the *Rue de la Paix* until later in the fall. But on this tour, everything will be shown—including cellophane lace.

Three Points for Lace—Reasons for quickened interest in lace are three:

1. In London, style leaders are eying next year's coronation festivities. Queen Mary is partial to lace; therefore prominent persons plan to ransack trunks and garrets for old heirlooms. Nottingham lace factories are now booming.

2. Lowering of the American tariff, in the Franco-American Commercial Treaty effective last June 15, stimulated the factories of Calais, Caudry, LePuy and Lyons, only recently torn by strikes and unemployment. Duty was reduced from 90 per cent. of the cost price to 50 per cent. for cotton lace and 65 per cent. for silk lace.

3. In the United States, a major factor in the lace renaissance is Hollywood, where the recent deluge of distinctive costume

Warner Bros.

Cycles of fashion bring circles of lace . . . for luxury and femininity

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pictures ("Romeo and Juliet," "Mary of Scotland," "Anthony Adverse") has turned attention to the fineries and fripperies of clothes in past centuries.

Fashion Cycles—"Women's fashions run in cycles," declared Walter Plunkett, R-K-O designer. "At the moment, they are on the upswing of the cycle toward luxury and extreme femininity. When the peak is reached, they will swing back to the tailored and masculine styles, hold this trend for a few years and then begin the feminine cycle again."

Once known as the material worn "from the cradle to the coffin," lace has been made by hand in this country from the time of the Indians. A century ago, the first machine was smuggled in, in parts, from England. In 1909, under the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act, machines were admitted without duty to give the industry an impetus.

To-day, America is the third largest manufacturer of lace, led only by France and England. The industry is centered in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, with a few units in Ohio and Illinois.

Forty-one plants operate in these districts, with 713 machines, exclusive of the smaller Barmen type for imitation hand lace.

There are 740 operators, with one apprentice apiece.

Labor Shortage—It takes an operator ten years to learn the use of a machine. Starting as "slip-winders," they eventually become "twisthands." Altho 8,000 persons are employed in the industry, there is a shortage of workers in lace factories. Representing $50,000,000 investment, the industry is still unable to supply the demand; the output is valued at $9,000,000 yearly, with imports running to $13,000,000 in some years, largely in curtains, bedspreads, table-cloths, silk nets and upholstery articles.

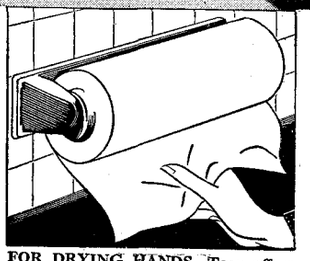
In this country, "slip-winders" receive $22.50 for a forty-hour week; brass-bobbin workers, $30; warpers, $42; lace weavers ("twisthands"), $55. In France, the corresponding workers receive $7, $7.50, $9 and $14 a week. In China, there are more hand lace-workers than anywhere else; their stipend is 4 cents a day, plus a bowl of rice.

Japan Jumps In—Other lace producing countries are Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Brazil, Germany and Austria. Small centers, however, are scattered throughout Europe. In Manchukuo, a new situation has arisen. For home consumption, the Japanese bought four machines from England. Now these are believed to have been duplicated wholesale, with manufacturers in other nations considering tariff restrictions if there is any attempt at mass export.

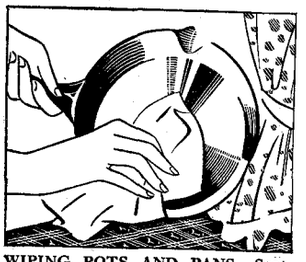
Tailored lace dresses are now being worn under fur coats. "A young woman's fabric," they say in pointing out its virtues —small upkeep, few cleaning and pressing demands, easy to pack. All leading French dress houses showed three times as many lace creations at recent showings than in any previous year.

In Hollywood, studios pay from 4 cents to $65 a yard for their lace. In New York, lace dresses are quoted from $5.95 to $295.

Asked if lace might return in men's clothes, Clement J. Driscoll, Executive Director of the American Lace Manufacturers' Association thundered a most emphatic "No!"



FOR DRYING HANDS. Tear off an absorbent ScotTowel. Use it once. Throw it away. Nothing to wash.



WIPING POTS AND PANS. ScotTowels wipe off grease and soot thoroughly. Make dishwashing easier.

POLISHING GLASS. ScotTowels leave glassware bright and shining. Fine, too, for mirrors and windows.

6 big rolls and enameled fixture $1.00

This famous kitchen helper is now in nearly 3,000,000 American Homes

A CLEAN SCOTTOWEL is the very thing for draining grease from fried foods. Sanitary—more absorbent than ordinary paper—it makes food more appetizing.

You'll find so many ways in which these handy paper towels make kitchen work easier. Mopping up spilled liquids. Cleaning the stove and sink. Scraping off dinner plates. And how they cut down on laundry—save good linen towels from spots and stains.

• • •

Made of "thirsty fibre," ScotTowels are soft and absorbent. Easy on your hands. Put a roll in your kitchen today. On sale at grocery, drug and department stores, 2 rolls (150 towels in each) for 25¢. Or write Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

(This offer applies only to the U. S., its insular possessions and Canada)

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

If your dealer does not sell ScotTowels, send us 50¢ (money or stamps) and you will receive postage paid—

2 ROLLS OF SCOTTOWELS, AND 1 ENAMELED FIXTURE, or SEND $1.00 FOR 6 ROLLS AND ONE FIXTURE

Check color of towel fixture desired:
☐ ivory ☐ pale green

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name and Address

D 9-26-36

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KING EDWARD VIII AND HIS GUESTS

Great Variations in Newspaper Reports in England and U. S.

Missing names in a guest list, a photograph which appeared with one figure painted out, veiled hints in English papers of a story that Yankee publications were playing to the skies, started editors comparing notes last week on the difference between English and American newspapers.

The running news story that demonstrated the difference in British and American editorial approach covered the Balkan cruise of King Edward in Lady Yule's yacht, *Nahlin*. The news angle of American coverage was definitely romantic; that of the English press factual—too factual, it only emphasized the omissions. In every possible way, journalistic subjects of the King avoided mention of Mrs. Ernest Simpson, auburn-haired, maturely lovely former Baltimore belle who had for two years been one of the King's closest friends, and who was cruising with the King's party. A reader of the English *News Review*, in the letter column of that publication, complained: "I can not tally the list of guests which you quoted as sharing His Majesty's holiday aboard the *Nahlin* with lists which I have seen published elsewhere. Some one seems to have slipped up somewhere."

The *News-Review* hedged: "Because the King's movements during his private holiday are not being recorded in the official *Court Circular*, inaccuracies are numerous. . . ."

Publicity Battalions—This reply was made in the face of the fact that battalions of newspaper men and photographers covered the King's movements every time he stepped ashore.

Subeditors on London dailies first scanned Mrs. Simpson's name in a report from Cannes in 1934, during the then Prince of Wales's holidays: "To the delight of onlookers, the Prince of Wales danced the rhumba with an American woman identified as a Mrs. Simpson." Editorial blue pencils cheerfully allowed her name again and again. The Prince extended his vacation, later met Mrs. Simpson as she tripped down the steps of the Sud Express at Biarritz; editors okayed the incident of the royal half-hour wait while Mrs. Simpson had her hair waved. Jolly good story!

As the English press detailed trips to Kistbuehl, in the Austrian Tyrol, and to Vienna, sly comments appeared in gossip columns about "the wise-cracking American woman who figured largely in the travel schedule of the Prince."

Newspapers seethed internally when a catty anonymous pamphlet, "What Charmed the Prince," blossomed forth in 1935. It described the voice once called by the Prince "the most beautiful in the world" as "a honeyish Baltimore drawl." Rumor spread that Mrs. Simpson herself had written the pamphlet; English newsmen dashed for her apartment.

An angry man with thick eyebrows and heavy cavalry mustaches met them. "Of course, Mrs. Simpson didn't write it," he said. While writers were getting this denial from the New York-born but naturalized English citizen who is Mrs. Simpson's husband, photographers got pictures of Mrs. Simpson posed in every corner of the apartment where the Prince was wont to visit.

Then, on January 20, 1936, the Prince became King.

Large Photographs—His Majesty's Holidays, newspaper head-lines read early in the summer. The staid and almost official London *Times* and the ultraconservative *Morning Post* omitted one of the most important items of a Royal Holiday, the guest list. The "popular press," in the midst of a hot battle for a two million circulation (the *Daily Express, Daily Mail,* and the *Herald*), offered five-column pictures of Mrs. Simpson, but failed to identify her as one of the guests. Captions said: "The King's Trip Ashore" or "The King and Some of His Guests," under photographs of the King and Mrs. Simpson. Shopping together in small Yugoslav waterfront villages, plowing the waves in a small motor-boat, riding through the streets of Athens, driving golf-balls off the yacht, the King and Mrs. Simpson were the mark for all photographers.

The London *Daily Express* received a photograph of Mrs. Simpson and King Edward in a skiff. When the picture was printed, Mrs. Simpson had been painted out. The touched-up photo showed His Majesty rowing a skiff ashore—alone. The caption read: "This is the first time that an English Monarch has been photographed in such a care-free setting."

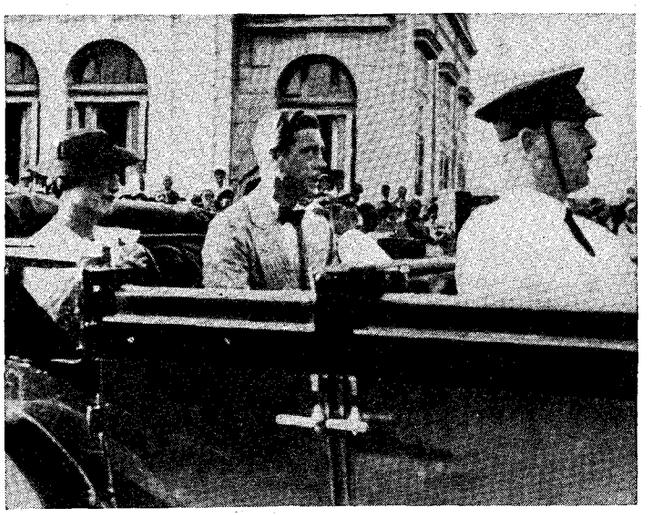
© International

King Edward VIII and Mrs. Ernest Simpson

But later that week, the Empire-minded picture magazine, *London Illustrated News*, ran the same photograph—with a man clearly visible in the stern sheets of the skiff. When *Time*, American news weekly, printed the photograph, the figure in the stern was hard to make out. The caption, however, read: "The King and Mrs. Simpson, above."

Not for this photograph or the caption under it, but for the text on the opposite page, *Time* felt the censor's hand; a page was ripped out of each copy before it left the premises of British distributers.

Extended Biography—Apparently unafraid of the same kind of censorship, the English *News-Review* printed a photograph of Mrs. Simpson and devoted more space to her biography than to any other member of the royal yachting party. That was its editorial policy the first week; but the second week *News-Review* became solicitous:



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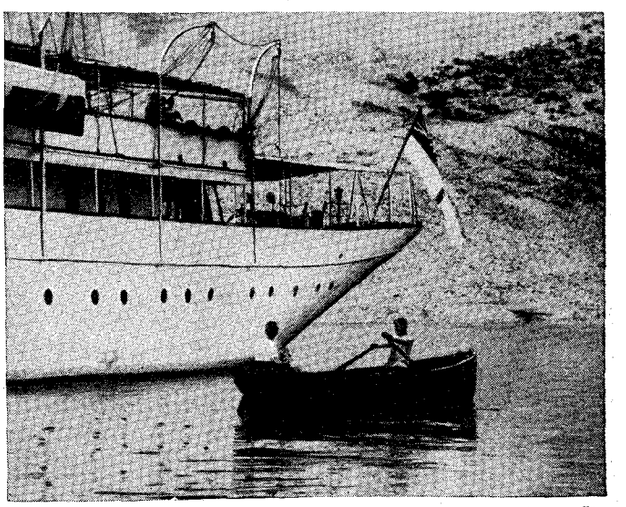
His Majesty and Mrs. Simpson driving through Athens



Pictures, Inc.

The greatly discussed picture of King Edward at the oars

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"So thoroughly was His Majesty pestered [by reporters and photographers] that last week English newspapers were given the official hint that correspondents in Belgrade and elsewhere should respect his privacy and not encroach on it in any way.

"Editors were also requested to refrain from publishing any snap-shot photographs which may reach them from abroad.

"Some newspapers respected this request; others ignored it and were scathingly criticized. . . .

"*News-Review* will not, during the King's cruise, publish photographs of the King with his guests unless justified by national importance."

The *Sunday Dispatch* decided to turn decorous also, as Fleet Street (publishing area) dropped elaborate plans to flash news of the King's doings to a far-flung Empire. Press photographers were ordered to keep out of air-planes circling over the *Nahlin*. British pictures sent home stopped showing Mrs. Simpson, revealed the King talking and shaking hands with King Boris and Kemal Ataturk, or going in for such sports as skittles, a fisherman's game, at Novigrad.

But all London newspaper morgues (reference libraries) last week were making a complete *dossier* on Mrs. Simpson for use by American newspapers, even tho the material was kept discreetly away from linotype machines near the Thames.

Already, American newspapers are making copy of the *Time* censorship incident; the New York *World-Telegram* ran the story on page one, along with a three-column picture of King Edward and Mrs. Simpson in their stop-off at Salzburg, Austria. The newspaper carried in full the text of the magazine's story.

Acme

Mrs. Ernest Simpson, charming London hostess

Helen Worden, society writer of the same newspaper, followed up with a new angle: "So much has been written about Mrs. Simpson and King Edward that Mr. Simpson has almost been overlooked. . . . We shouldn't forget him . . . even tho he's renounced his American citizenship and decided to reside permanently in England. . . .

"Tall and very blond, with curly hair and blue eyes that set feminine hearts a-flutter, he graduated from Harvard in 1919. . . ."

The Brooklyn *Sunday Eagle*, in its magazine section, last week ran a full-page story: "The King's Mrs. Simpson." Thoroughly covering Mrs. Simpson's social history, the *Eagle* story introduced Mrs. Simpson to "Edward of England in 1934, when he was the care-free Prince of Wales," through Lady Furness.

"Soon it was almost invariably a trio that went to the theater, attended gay West End parties, and danced into the wee hours of the morning at fashionable London night-clubs. . . . Ultimately, Lady Furness went abroad and left the field clear for her scintillating rival. . . .

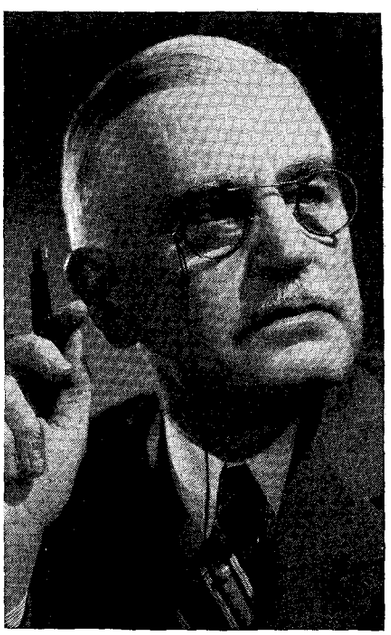
"Born Wallis Warfield of Baltimore, the present Mrs. Simpson was brought up in the traditional manner of a Southern belle. She had no sooner been introduced to society than she married Lieut. (now Com.) E. Winfield Spencer, Jr., of the United States Navy. The marriage ended in divorce in the early 1920s.

"In 1926, the ex-Mrs. Spencer married Ernest A. Simpson, her present husband . . . who is now connected with his father's business, a ship-chartering agency, whose headquarters are in London. Presumably that is the reason for the Ernest A. Simpsons having deserted New York to live in London. . . ."

Last week, *Liberty* entered the lists with an article by Frederick Lewis: "Baltimore Girl Who Won Friendship of King Edward VIII" (reading time 12 minutes 20 seconds). Lewis traced Mrs. Simpson's ancestry "back much further in Britain's history than the King's own House of Hanover and Windsor."

As the King's coronation approaches (May 27, 1937), press treatment of current incidents is but a forerunner of accelerating coverage.

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



YOUR DOCTOR judges a laxative strictly on its merits. He doesn't guess. He has certain rules which govern his selection. And these rules must be fully met. Here they are—

The doctor says your laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says your laxative should *not:* Form a habit . . . Overact . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset digestion.

And Ex-Lax checks on every point. Ex-Lax meets every one of the doctor's demands for a laxative.

Be as strict as your doctor. Choose your laxative as he does. Choose Ex-Lax...Note how mild, yet how thorough it is. See how easy it works, how free you are from discomfort. Discover how closely its action approximates normal. Find out for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the largest-selling laxative in the world — used by doctors everywhere, trusted by mothers everywhere—*for more than 30 years.*

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GOLF... at its best over sporty courses in warm, invigorating sunshine. Tennis, polo, riding, and other sports.

COLOR... on every hand! Purple mountains—golden deserts—Indian pueblos—Old Mexico—Colossal Caves—are but a few of the scenic wonders.

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Always Used GLOVER'S—Kept Rid of BALDNESS!

Don't wait till baldness overtakes you! If you have a good head of hair *keep* it by using GLOVER'S regularly. Promotes scalp health; keeps Dandruff away. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's, or have your Barber give you Glover's Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Parade

Under magistrate's order, **Charles M'Blein,** sixty-six-year-old Glasgow bachelor, must remain sober or receive a spanking. The gray-haired Scotsman, living on Watt Street with his mother, has long been chided for being tied to the maternal apron-strings. Recently he took the jokes to heart and went on a rampage. To the terror of friends and neighbors, he stormed through the streets shouting his new freedom. The climax came when he began tossing water at passers-by from his window. Then he landed in jail for breach of the peace.

"This seems a case of lack of parental control," said Magistrate Victor Warren. "I think if your mother took you home and gave you a spanking it would do you good."

M'Blein was fined five shillings and given into the custody of his mother, eighty-eight. Since the hearing he has worn an anxious look, but, to date, remains unspanked.

* * *

Eager to see his play "Saint Joan" filmed, determined it should not be censored by Hollywood, Rome or London, **George Bernard Shaw** stirred up indignation on several fronts. Told of denials, the octogenarian chuckled at the excitement he had aroused. "Yes, they would deny it," he said. "Let them fume for another week." In the United States, the National Council on Freedom from Censorship called Shaw's protests "confusing nonsense."

"The world still wants the excitement of poetry but it is getting it from machines, by going fast," declared **John Masefield,** Poet Laureate of England. "If poets could feel that they were wanted by their generation, they could be stirred to great heights. You can only have great art when you have great encouragement, and then you do not get it immediately. . . . It is absurd to take an artist and make him write advertisements all day. The waste of strength to get through is terrible. Artists should have both leisure and opportunity."

Smiling at the front-page furor he had aroused when posed washing dishes, **William Crapo Durant,** founder of General Motors and stock market plunger, left for Flint, Michigan, for important business conferences. As General Manager of the North Asbury (N. J.) Food Market, he had been seen helping out for the "grand opening." Photographers induced him to take off his coat, grab an ornamental dish and start to polish it with his handkerchief. Still in possession of a $100,000 estate, Durant denied he had been reduced to washing dishes or mopping floors. "My lunch-room will feature five-cent lunches," he said. "If you want a piece of pie, that's a nickel. Sandwiches will cost the same."

* * *

Regarded as "through" a few years ago, blonde **Alice Marble** of San Francisco startled Forest Hills by (1) wearing the shortest tennis shorts ever seen there, (2) defeating Helen Jacobs, the favorite, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, to win the Women's National Singles. Fellow Californian Donald Budge was not so fortunate, losing the men's crown to Fred Perry of England, 2-6, 6-2, 8-6, 1-6, 10-8. Kay Stammers, the prettiest girl on the courts, could not make her good left hand good enough against Miss Jacobs in the semifinals, yielding, 6-4, 6-3.

"I'm afraid to try to make hot-dogs for fear great Danes will come out," lamented **Henry Berger,** sixty-one, operator of three combination meat and grocery stores in Tacoma, Washington. The heavily-jowled, ruddy-complexioned, 200-pound butcher is suing the City Light Department for $25 for faulty installation of electric wires. Berger charges electricians hooked up his current in reverse, causing hamburgers to spout all over his shop at 84th Street and Pacific Avenue. He is asking $15 for spoiled meat and $10 for mopping up the shop afterward. His polyphase motor-grinder now runs in reverse at all times and Berger is trying to find a way to insert meat backward.

* * *

"Julia wants a stage career. Why shouldn't she start early? I, myself, always wanted a stage career. Julia is always a good girl." Thus did **Mrs. Julia Martinitz** approve her daughter's dancing in a Broadway chorus at fifteen. "My mother comes and gets me at the night-club at 2:30 a.m.,"

New York World-Telegram Photo

Julia Martinitz, good little night-club girl

added Julia. "I do not go out with boys." The young dancer intends to take a commercial course until she is sixteen, then embark seriously on a stage career.

* * *

Asserting that he understands women better than they do themselves, actor **Frank Morgan** laid down six rules for their conduct. 1. Never ask a man where he's been. 2. Never keep a man waiting. 3. Never make up in public. 4. Never baby a man when he's in the dumps or fail to when he's sick. 5. Never let a man see her when not at her best. 6. Never talk about other loves.

"The trouble with women is they don't think," he explained. "Women are ridiculously transparent to a man who can (and will) think."

Leo Heyn, manager of the Summit Hotel, near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has bought a bed owned by the late **John Gilbert,** film star. It will be part of the "John Gilbert Honeymoon Room" in the resort establishment. "Because so many couples will be wanting the room," Heyn said, "I will hold a drawing every morning. No, there will be no extra charge."

"The battle of the century will be lipstick *versus* elbow grease," observed **Magistrate Charles Solomon** of Coney Island, New

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NEXPENSIVE

Italy

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"Unforgettable days of entrancing delight in PALERMO and beautiful TAORMINA (Sicily)—Colorful NAPLES and its gulf, AMALFI and divine CAPRI—eternal ROME in its ancient and modern magnificence — FLORENCE and the art cities of TUSCANY and UMBRIA—the beautifully flowered RIVIERA with SAN REMO, RAPALLO. . . ."

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ROME: Piazza di Spagna 15.

York. He was hearing a case against concession owners who failed to clean their glasses of rouge and had been told that elbow grease, not water, was the sole means of removing the lip remnants.

* * *

High jinks and horse-play were not to be tolerated at the eighteenth annual National Convention of the American Legion, in Cleveland. "This convention," said one official, "is different. Legionnaires now average forty-two years in age. They have grown older and considerably more sensible. They are going to be their age."

Charging that his eleven-year-old son had been arrested falsely on two occasions, **Douglas Van Horn**, Seattle accountant, filed a Federal court complaint asking $20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 damages. He asked a like amount—twenty vigintillion dollars—for his son.

In a couple of large flower pots, eighteen floors above New York's streets and out of reach of the boll weevil, **Harry W. Wassall** has one of the most unusual cotton plantations in the world. He is proud to produce one good boll a season. "You see," he said, "this cotton's got a good one-inch fiber. Good quality, too."

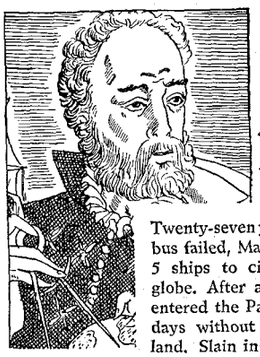
* * *

The several hundred inhabitants of Pooler, Georgia, are embroiled in a frog crisis which has split the village in two. Town Marshal J. O. Boyd read last year of the joys of raising frogs, built a specially constructed pond, and imported two fine specimens of Louisiana croakers. Ambling about on their legs, long as spring chickens, they have been serenading the villagers regularly in deep bass voices. Inhabitants liked the warbling at first, but now contend the bayou visitors have not enough variety in their nocturnal repertory. One irate neighbor of the pond says he hasn't slept in months, and furthermore the frogs are attracting malaria flies. The matter is now before the courts, altho Boyd has no intention of giving up frog-raising or of sharing the eventual frogs' legs dinners with any of the protestants.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, fifty-eight, conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra since 1918 and prominent pianist, died. He was the husband of Clara Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain. Born in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, Russia, he was early hailed as a child prodigy. He first came to the United States in 1900, married in 1909 and became a naturalized citizen in 1914. Known as a composer and pianist until 1917, he gave up composition on becoming a conductor. "I can still do two jobs," he said at the time, "but not three."

Stating that whereas American taxes were tantamount to confiscation, **E. F. Hutton**, capitalist, nevertheless admitted he preferred living in this country. Returning from Europe, he said: "Some one campaigning for Roosevelt said that every time I opened my mouth, I created 10,000 more votes for Roosevelt. If that's the case, I'd better keep it shut hereafter."

"Housekeeping in China must be easier than in any other place in the world, I think," declared **Mrs. Roy Chapman Andrews**, wife of the explorer recently returned from the Orient. "We had engaged our house in Peiping by cable. When we arrived in the city we were met by the boys ready to take charge of our luggage. An *amah* (maid) was waiting to unpack our bags; dinner was ready, and in five minutes we were as much at home as though we had lived there all our lives."



Ferdinand Magellan

Twenty-seven years after Columbus failed, Magellan sailed with 5 ships to circumnavigate the globe. After a year and a half entered the Pacific, sailed for 98 days without finding habitable land. Slain in Philippines. One ship only returned to Spain. But for 4 centuries, Magellan's was the way 'round for all ships.

Today Magellan would say:

"My Lords and Ladies, let naught interfere with taking the RELIANCE World Cruise of Jan. 10, 1937 from New York. Don't tell me you can't get away. You never had the Court of Charles V around your neck.

"I sailed a scorching-freezing route. You cruise over the gentle Eastward route, ideal travel seasons everywhere.

"Salt pork and mouldy biscuits for me. For you, a better cuisine than any court ever knew. Danger ashore for me, but your shore trips are gala events, every detail arranged in advance. But mine was the first world cruise. Yours is the 20th by Hapag-Lloyd—world navigators. How I wish I could join you."

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SPUTTERING MOTOR-BOATS' REGATTA

President's Cup Climaxes Season of 2,000,000 Enthusiasts

Thousands of American motor-boat enthusiasts, whose numbers have swelled from zero to an estimated 2,000,000 in the past fifty years, will troop down to the masonried banks of Washington's muddy Potomac River this week-end for the tenth President's Cup Regatta, climax to the 1936 racing-season.

Because it includes on its elaborate program of entertainment routine sailing and swimming races, a night pageant off finger-like Hains Point, a huge banquet in F Street's sky-scraper-like National Press Building, and innumerable private parties in Washington's swankier hotels, the Regatta rates as the most brilliant, if not the most important, of the 100 or more held every year.

From the racing standpoint, it is principally famous for the event for which it is named: the three-heat, forty-five-mile race for the ornate gold President's Trophy, valued at approximately $5,000.

Exclusive Entries—Overshadowing in prestige even the important national championships for smaller outboard and inboard boats, some 200 of which will make the Georgetown Channel environs a sputtering bedlam on Saturday and Sunday, the President's Cup race draws its handful of entrants from one of motor-boating's most exclusive sets: the Gold Cup class.

Fewer than twenty boats in the entire country are eligible to compete. Of them, with luck, probably no more than six will roar away from the starting-line for the first heat on Saturday afternoon. The main reason for the small number of Gold Cup racers is, obviously, their expense. To build a boat and motor costs upward of $15,000; to keep it in competition, another $15,000 a year. *Miss Canada II*, a brand-new job which faces its first test in the coming race, cost an estimated $35,000.

Even with the best-designed, fastest and most capably driven speed-boat of the powerful Gold Cup class, breakdowns and accidents are commonplace. Of the five boats starting in one or more of the three heats last year, only one, Herbert Mendelsohn's *Notre Dame*, was able to finish.

While most of the trouble, experts say, comes from the intricate, highly "souped-up" motors that need more attention than a 1925 radio, entrants in the President's Cup race have another hazard to contend with in the course itself. Plunging around the normally-rough two and a half mile circuit, the boats churn up husky waves that rebound from the sea-wall and make navigating an even trickier task.

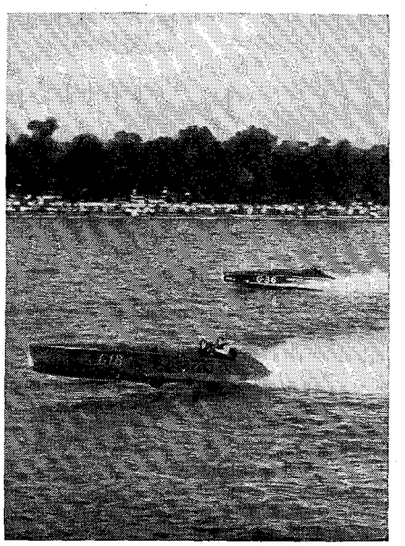
Favorite Craft—In a race in which luck features so prominently, defending champions are ordinarily quoted a dime a dozen in advance betting. But this year *Notre Dame*, designed, built and driven by Clel Perry, stands better than an even chance. A sleek, eye-filling hull powered with an eleven - year - old, twenty - four - cylinder Duesenberg motor, *Notre Dame* breezed through to a hollow triumph in last year's Cup race when it started and finished the final heat all alone.

Rated slightly above *Notre Dame* is *Impshi*, owned by Horace E. Dodge, heir to the automobile fortune and one of the largest speed-boat manufacturers in the country. One of the oldest boats in competition, *Impshi* was built in 1925, is powered with a supercharged Packard engine of ancient vintage. Last month, on Lake George, New York, the celebrated English sportsman, Kaye Don, drove her to victory in the annual Gold Cup race. Like *Notre Dame*, *Impshi* was the only boat to finish. Bennett Hill will drive her in the President's Cup.

On the basis of consistency and popularity, many motor-boat fans were hoping that George Reis, a forty-seven-year-old sportsman who has been fooling around with boats since 1901, would win his fourth President's Cup with *El Lagarto*, most ancient craft entered in the race, and holder of the speed record.

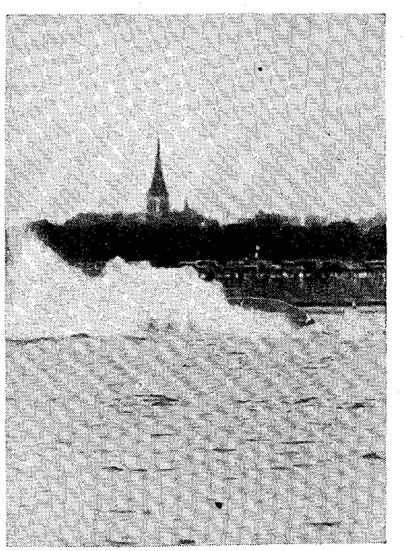
Rosenfeld Photo

THE CUP



Rosenfeld Photo

THE RACE



Keystone

THE SPILL

Lake Phenomenon—The son of a wealthy steel man, Reis developed a liking for boats during summer vacations on Lake George, and astonished local residents by racing his first craft, a one-cylinder affair, at the phenomenal speed of five miles an hour thirty-five years ago.

A keen student of boat design and mechanics, Reis built his first racing job, *Krazy Kat*, in 1912, and pushed it up to thirty miles an hour. His first taste of real speed came a few years later, when he drove Gold Cup boats for Commodore Judson, former President of the American Power Boat Association.

In 1920 he took Judson's *Whip-po'-Will Jr.* to England for a stab at the Harmsworth Trophy, most important race in motor-boat annals. *Whip-po'-Will* exploded and burned up.

Built in 1922 for the Gold Cup race of that year, *El Lagarto* came into Reis's hands in 1925 as *Miss Mary*. He re-christened her, rebuilt the motor with the help of his stock-broker-mechanic, Dick Bowers, and set out to win some races.

El Lagarto's first important victory was the 1931 National Sweepstakes, followed soon after by the President's Cup. So far he has won three Gold Cups and three President's Cups. When President Roosevelt made the formal presentation in 1933, he accused Reis of hoarding gold.

A Champion Out—Known as the "Leaping Lizard of Lake George," *El Lagarto* entered the Gold Cup race this year as defending champion, but burned a bearing at the start and had to withdraw.

Powered with a larger motor this year, mainly of Reis's own design, *El Lagarto* is faster now and is given a good chance of beating her own President's Cup record of 57.216 miles an hour average for a fifteen-mile heat.

One of the most popular men in racing, Reis is, when not driving a boat somewhere, Mayor of Bolton Landing on Lake George. Winters he spends in Pasadena, California, where he likes to act in amateur theatricals. Once he was offered a Hollywood contract. He turned it down. Afraid it would interfere with his motor-boat racing.

Since 1885, when an ungainly, twenty-one-foot launch designed by an engineer named Ofeldt slid into the murky Harlem River, chugged off at six miles an hour on the strength of a noisy, 200-pound naphtha engine, and became known as the first gasoline-propelled pleasure boat in history, motor-boating has zoomed into an ever-increasing popularity.

Spread of Sport—By the end of last year, 319,404 registered boats, an increase of more than 50 per cent. since 1926, were swishing along Federal waterways alone. An estimated 750,000 to 1,500,000 more

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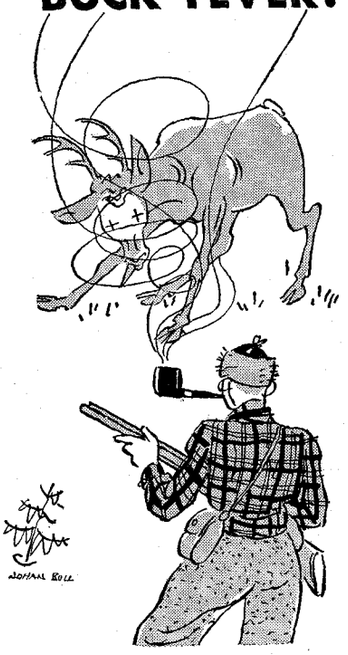
PIPE GAVE THE BUCK FEVER!



BOYS, we see no sport in gassing deer with a gooey old pipe filled with garlicy tobacco. But we see a lot of pleasure in a well-kept briar packed with a gentle, fragrant blend like Sir Walter Raleigh. We've put a lifetime into mixing this rare combination of well-aged Kentucky Burleys that wouldn't nip a baby's tongue or a doe's nose. Sir Walter's got a delightful aroma all its own. Buck up and join the happy herd of Sir Walter Raleigh smokers. You'll have the world eating out of your hand! (Full tin, with heavy gold-foil wrap for freshness, at the unbelievably low price of 15¢.)

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE and CIGARETTES
UNION MADE
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"
How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation. Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. D-69

were operating on inland lakes and rivers not requiring Federal registration.

Of them, only one-tenth of 1 per cent., the "show-case pieces," are racing craft. Officials of the A.P.B.A. place the boats competing in the principal American regattas at fewer than 1,300, of which more than 1,000 are tiny, rough-riding outboards.

In spite of the thrills and spills inevitably associated with motor-boat racing, only one fatality has been registered since 1904, when the sport was first brought to this country. During that time, more than 1,000,000 people have participated in races.

DIAMOND CLASSIC: World Series to End What May Be Baseball's Greatest Season

Happily licking slightly lean chops over the fattest regular take in years, major league baseball will temporarily padlock all but two of its fifteen* mammoth playgrounds this week-end and cast glittering eyes toward what is almost certain to be its eighth million-dollar season *finale:* the thirty-third World Series, opening next Wednesday.

That the 1936 series of four out of seven will be a smashing success is, they know, as good as money in the bank. Big and little games all over the country drew approximately 25 per cent. more customers than last year's. And American and National League turnstiles clicked almost 1,500,000 more times, early returns show, than they did in 1935.

Getting the Breaks—Explaining the whys and wherefores of their biggest season since the depression, major league magnates point to three factors: improved business conditions; better schedules; and a turn of luck that, right up through the closing week, made the championship of the National League and second place in the American the cause of exciting, spectator-attracting dog fights.

Baseball cliché-ers like to say that "the team leading the league July Fourth wins the pennant." Even tho, as far back as 1914, the Boston Braves asserted their independence of the ancient superstition by sky-rocketing from eighth place on the fateful day to the National League pennant and, eventually, the World's Championship. Since then, National Leaguers have kept the tradition fairly cold. Seven Independence Day "sure things" since 1926 have failed to hang on until September and the World Series rolled around.

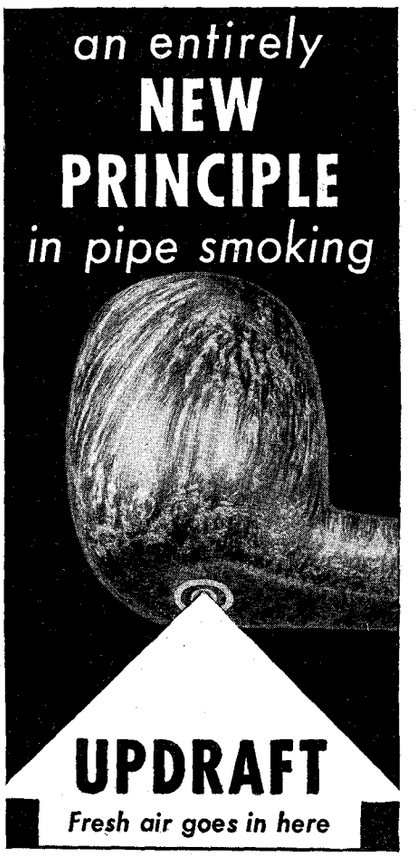
In 1934, the New York Giants, whose jaunty Fourth of July self-confidence inspired their manager, Bill Terry, to ask reporters if Brooklyn were still in the league, wound up in second place when the indignant sixth-place Brooklynites smeared their pennant hopes on the last two days of the season.

Up and Down—Last year, the Giants were once again leading the parade when the celebrated afternoon was over, but wilted in the August heat and were definitely tornadoed out of the running in September when the Chicago Cubs swept through twenty-one straight victories to win the pennant.

Carrying on with characteristic disregard for fine old tradition, the Giants this

*Each of the sixteen teams in the majors has its own park except the St. Louis Browns and St. Louis Cardinals, which share Sportsman's Park.

CARBURETOR (Patent Pending) KAYWOODIE



THE new **Carburetor Kaywoodie** has the following advantages:

a. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) improves the flavor, taste, and aroma — because the tobacco burns better.

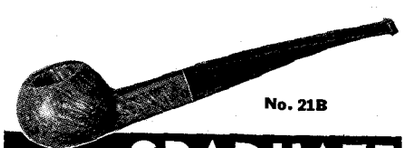
b. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your bowl dry even with constant smoking.

c. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your smoke cool, and will not burn your tongue no matter how fast you smoke.

d. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) takes the rawness out of any tobacco.

The Updraft of the new Carburetor Kaywoodie is the result of 5 years of steady, intensive experimentation. Now it's here—perfected. This new pipe looks just the same as the regular Kaywoodie, except that it has a "carburetor" hidden in the bottom of the bowl—it breathes at the bottom! It's MILD—mild enough for cigarette smokers! We ask all smokers to examine it at their dealer's—the new taste in pipes! Of course it has the famous **Drinkless Attachment** in the stem.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.
New York and London



GRADUATE to KAYWOODIE

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Up In the Air

Agile Hawaiian natives whisk themselves up into the air via a palm tree quicker than you could say "He hoolaha ma ka nupepa." Translated, "advertisement." Which this is, as if you didn't know. Written for one purpose, to offer four simple points to end forevermore any going up into the air about the right kind of pineapple juice to select: 1. Be sure it's the *original* Hawaiian pineapple juice. 2. That it has the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association. 3. That the essential fresh-fruit qualities are retained by the exclusive Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process. 4. To obtain these three important points, always ask for Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice, which has them all, plus natural, unsweetened pineapple flavor such as you've never before experienced!

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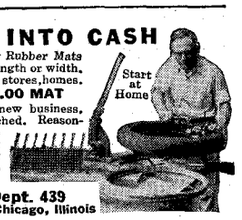

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year turned in, the night of July Fourth, in fifth place, soon afterward proceeded to put on a tremendous winning splurge that by August had boosted them into the league leadership. A fortnight ago jubilant New Yorkers, joyously anticipating the first intracity World Series since 1923, jammed the Polo Grounds to see the Giants hold that lead against the St. Louis Cardinals.

The crowd of 64,417 paid admissions was the largest in the history of the National League.

Pitcher Hubbell—Of vast importance to the Giants' surging rush from the second division to dominance of the National League is a tall, angular pitcher from Meeker, Oklahoma, whose freak "screw ball" by last week had won twenty-four games this year, fourteen of them in a row. He is Carl Owen Hubbell, at thirty-three the best pitcher in major league baseball.

Out of uniform, Hubbell dresses ultra-conservatively, talks little, plays 25-cent draw-poker frequently, and looks more like an office-worker than one of baseball's number one performers. Always affable and obliging to autograph-hounds, he commands an astonishing popularity with New York fans. Away from New York, he invariably seems surprized when some one recognizes him.

In action, Hubbell, a left-hander, throws his famous "screw ball" by giving his wrist an inward flip that puts spin on the ball, making it break sharply downward and lose speed quickly, much like the celebrated Christy Matthewson's "fade-away." Impersonal, undramatic, he has never been known to question an umpire's decision since he first came up to the majors from the Oklahoma City Western League Club ten years ago.

During eight seasons with the Giants, Hubbell has pitched in only one World Series.

In 1933, against the Washington Senators, he won two games.

If he pitches against the Yankees, American League champions this year, chances are even that his mystifying "screw ball" will be hard pushed as a perfect defense against a team that has been called one of the greatest collections of sluggers in baseball history.

True to Formula—Unlike the teams in the National League, those in the younger circuit have followed the "lead on July Fourth, win the pennant" formula fairly consistently.

In the past eleven seasons, the July leader has failed only twice to break into the World Series money.

Both times, in 1934 and 1935, it was the Detroit Tigers who upset the tradition apple-cart by delaying the pennant dash a few weeks.

On July Fourth this year, even the least superstitious bleacherite was ready to give Col. Jacob Ruppert's New York Yankees the American League flag. By September 9, the "Ruppert Rifles" made it a mathematical certainty, clinching the pennant at the earliest date in modern American League history.

Rated, like the Giants, a third-place club in the annual preseason poll of 135 members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America last March, the Yankees started off almost immediately in quest of Ruppert's eighth championship.

Two weeks ago, they gave a spectacular demonstration of batting power by pounding out eight home runs in a double-header with St. Louis to hoist the season's total to 175, an all-time major league record.

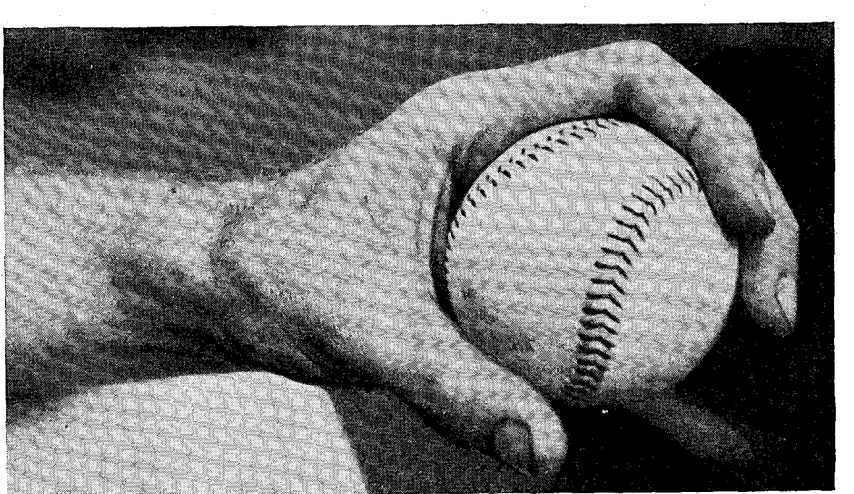
1,800th Game—Heaviest slugger of the new Yankees' "Murderers' Row" is a husky, smiling first-baseman who has played more consecutive games of major league baseball than any other man in history.

Last week the "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig, played his 1,800th game, a string started in 1925, the year that Everett Scott's consecutive record of 1,307 ended.

Even with veterans like Gehrig, Bill Dickey, Tony Lazzeri and a formidable collection of supporting heavy artillerymen, the Yankees last year were unable to finish better than second, a spot they had held since 1932. When, this year, practically the same line-up started pasting the ball far and wide, critics handed much of the credit to Joe DiMaggio, a lanky, twenty-one-year-old Italian who broke into baseball this spring as "the greatest rookie of the decade."

Quietly ignoring a fanfare of publicity that has ruined many a promising baseball recruit, DiMaggio set about making himself not only the outstanding rookie of the year but one of the greatest stars in the game to-day.

By last July he had earned the distinction of being the first newcomer ever to be selected as a member of the All-Star American League team. Sports-writers who gave the Californian a mild panning when he hit an off-day in the All-Star game July 7, were considerably surprized to find his



Wide World

How the famous "screw ball" looks before it leaves Carl Hubbell's hand

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name missing from Babe Ruth's annual All-America team last fortnight.

Loose-jointed, almost indolent in his movements, DiMaggio swings a thirty-nine-ounce bat with tremendous power.

By last week, he had walloped twenty-nine home runs.

An outfielder, he has a powerful, uncannily accurate throwing arm, an unerring sense of timing.

His seriousness and ability in the field and at bat have to a large extent furnished the same inspiration to the Yankees that they lost with the departure of Babe Ruth. Particularly noticeable has been the effect on his Italian team-mates, Lazzeri and Frank Crosetti.

DiMaggio likes movies, the radio and spaghetti.

Fond of His Work—But mainly he likes baseball, and would probably be glad to pay for the privilege of playing in his first World Series next week.

Instead, his share in the Series money will probably exceed $4,000 if the Yankees lose, $6,000 if they win.

The modern World Series started in 1903, when the Pittsburgh team, winner of the pennant in the twenty-seven-year-old National League, shocked organized baseball by losing, five games to three, in a post-season play-off with the Boston Red Sox, champions of the newly formed American League.

The next year, when Boston once more won the American League flag, the team challenged swashbuckling John McGraw's New York Giants.

Scornful Chief—McGraw's sneering retort that he didn't see why he should endanger the standing of his team "by sending it against a minor league club" smashed hopes for a 1904 World Series and almost created a baseball World War.

That winter, magnates of both leagues stopped calling names and agreed on a regular postseason series to start in 1905. Counting the unofficial 1903 games, the American League has won nineteen World Championships, the National League thirteen.

Sources of Income—Through last year, attendance at the Series has been 5,943,786. The gate receipts and sale of radio privileges, totaling $18,772,635, would be enough, Frank Menke estimates, to buy all the players and most of the stadiums in big league baseball to-day.

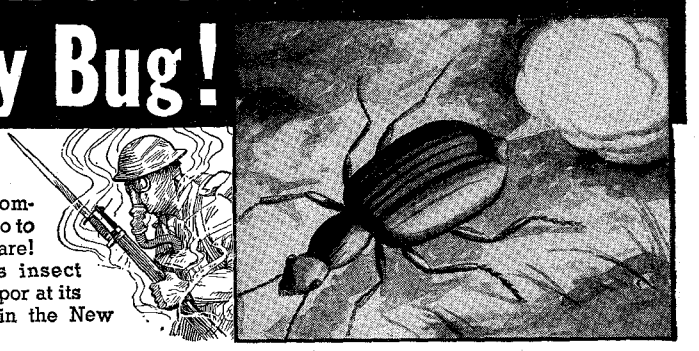
From a low in 1905, when the Giants-Athletics play-off brought in only $68,435 in five games, interest soared in 1926 to an all-time high when crowds totaling 328,051 for the seven games shelled out $1,207,864 to watch Rogers Hornsby's St. Louis Cardinals ease Miller Huggins's New York Yankees out of the World's Championship by one run.

This year, as during the past two, the Ford Motor Company will sponsor the Series for $100,000 cash, some of which will swell the players' pool.

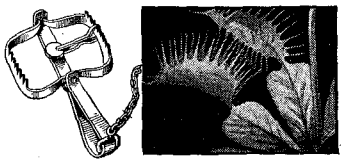
Distribution of Pool—Last year's pool of $414,508 was split among the first four teams in each league. Individual shares ranged from $6,544.76 for each member of the championship Detroit Tigers, to $380.16 apiece for the fourth-place Boston Red Sox and Pittsburgh Pirates.

On the basis of baseball's boom this year, players and owners were hopeful that the 1936 Series would top, confident that it would at least equal the million-dollar gates of 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1931, 1934 and 1935.

Poison Gas Used FIRST by Tiny Bug!



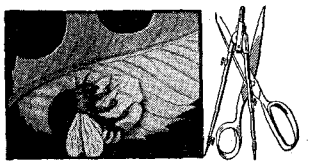
Poison gas is not a "modern" weapon, for Nature armed the Bombardier Beetle ages ago to wage chemical warfare! When alarmed, this insect shoots out an acrid vapor at its enemies. (Described in the New Merriam-Webster.)



THERE is almost no limit to the completeness with which the *New Merriam-Webster* covers the world of Nature in word and picture—including full-page color plates of Moths and Butterflies, Birds, Wild Flowers, State Flowers, and Poisonous Plants.

Plant Makes First Animal Trap!

Man was not first to use the spring trap. The leaves of the plant called "Venus's-Flytrap" form an insect trap which closes suddenly to catch the insects on which it feeds.



Bee Uses Both Scissors and Compass!

The leaf-cutting bee is equipped to cut rounded and oval pieces from leaves to be used in building nests. (Information from New Merriam-Webster.)

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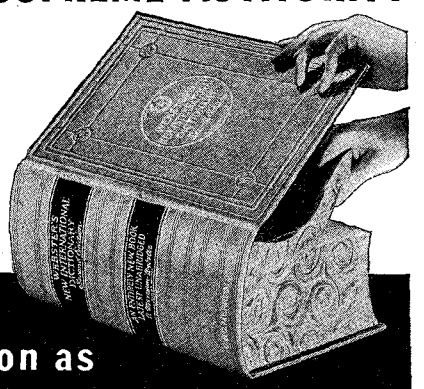

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America's ace salesman rings no doorbells, totes no samples. But each spring and autumn he enters more than 7,000,000 homes in Farina, Illinois; Benson, Minnesota; Carterville, Georgia; Brentwood, West Virginia, and thousands of other communities from Coast to Coast. In some homes, his advent is more exciting than Christmas. In virtually all, he lands orders.

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Last week, Sears, Roebuck and Co., world's largest storekeeper, celebrated its fiftieth birthday with the help of its star salesman, the Sears, Roebuck catalog. No little part of the celebration took place in the company's retail outlets in 394 cities.

In these stores, Sears, Roebuck loaded counters with $30,000,000 of anniversary sale merchandise, purchased from 6,000 manufacturing concerns. In its 1,060-page autumn catalog, the company modestly recited its history in 800 words, 1/10th of 1 per cent. of the book's total space. Aggressively, it employed every modern color-printing and reproduction process (except offset) to push anniversary bargains in aviators' equipment, wigs, jump ropes, veterinary instruments, stomach remedies. Already, for the year's first eight months, Sears, Roebuck had grossed $288,344,391, a 25 per cent. boost over the similar period last year. With its anniversary trade it hoped to exceed in 1936 the $443,452,000 sales of 1929.

One-Page Start — No such lavishly illustrated book was the first Sears catalogue. Published a half-century ago at a jerkwater station at North Redwood, Minnesota, it consisted only of one sheet of letter paper. On it, a twenty-year-old stationmaster extolled the qualities of a number of unclaimed watches stranded in his station. With the letters the young stationmaster solicited railroad friends, sold his timepieces, discovered he had stumbled on a high-powered merchandising idea—sales by mail.

Richard W. Sears's mail sales business promptly burst out of the ticket-taker's cage in which it was born, blossomed into a half-billion-dollar corporation. At first, Dick Sears was President, counter clerk, owner, all in one. To-day, more than 50,000 employees hold jobs in the company's ten mail order houses, in its retail stores, warehouses, factories. (The company manufactures 5 per cent. of its merchandise.)

Train-Loads of Mail—In twenty trains of almost fifty freight-cars each, the fall Jubilee catalog rolled out last month from Sears, Roebuck mail order centers in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Memphis, Dallas, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Seattle and Los Angeles. With a sigh of relief, 2,940 artists, copy-writers, engravers and executives watched the result of their work start its trek toward one of every four homes in the country.

On the collective back of 38,000 staggering rural mail-carriers, the "farmer's bible," weighing four pounds, would constitute a fourteen-ton burden. Stacked, the 7,000,000 catalogs would form a paper tower 138 miles high.

Postage $10,000,000—Altho catalogs cost the company from 60 cents to $1.25, prospective customers receive them free. To those on its mailing list, Sears, Roebuck also sends 40,000,000 special bulletins, 20,000,000 flyers annually. Including its issue of 13,500,000 regular catalogs, the company thus pours out almost 75,000,000 pieces of literature yearly. On these it spends $10,000,000 postage, about 1.7 per cent. of the country's total postage bill. In addition, the company last year spent $9,753,280 for newspaper advertising space. Last week, it also went on the air with a Coast-to-Coast radio program.

To those families who bury noses in the catalog's fascinating pages, it gives far more merchandise information than could be obtained ordinarily in a personal transaction. Working on the reader's inclination to buy are Sears low prices and a money-back guaranty. Most heavily, however, Sears leans on illustrations, devotes two-thirds of its book to them.

If the reader is one of the 40,000,000 persons who annually buy through the catalog, he can expect his order to be filled twenty-four hours after it reaches the company.

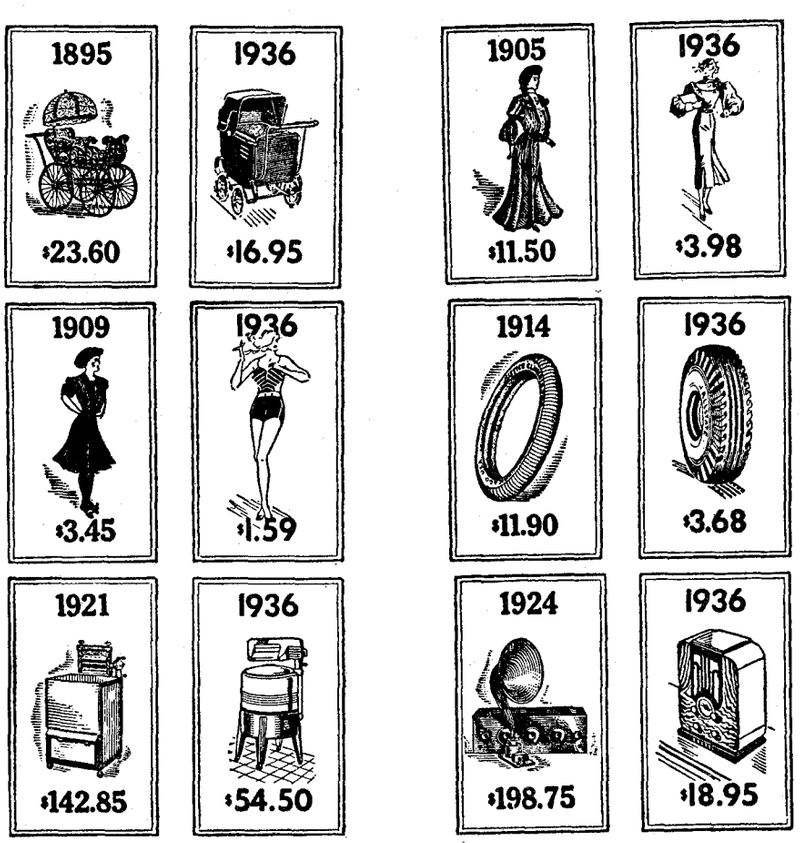
As early as 6 A.M., mail begins to jam bins in Sears, Roebuck depots. Five thousand employees weigh, don't count, the mail; the company knows how many orders can be expected in 100 pounds. Clerks sort and slap letters on desks to see if they contain coins. Through pneumatic tubes the orders whiz off to departments and as many as 70,000 orders are filled in a day.

Jam of Freight—More than 10,000,000 parcels jam the special mail service terminal at the Sears, Roebuck plant in Chicago alone. On these the company annually spends $320,000 for 5,000,000 pounds of wrapping-paper, $135,000 for jute twine and jute tube rope. For 2,000,000 corset shipping bags, Sears annually spends $10,000.

Yet not all incoming letters contain orders. Not uncommon is the request for a wife or husband, a request for the telephone number of a catalog model.

Enriching the merchandising lore of Sears, Roebuck are stories of letters such as that of the farm couple who believed two homely rural folk on the catalog cover were Mr. and Mrs. Sears, sent them best wishes; of the old lady who ordered "one of those $1.97 dresses," and asked Mrs. Sears to pick out a "pretty color," of the woman who complained that she was unable to cook the decoy ducks sent her, of a widow who was returning four remaining bottles of medicine because her husband had died. A sympathetic Sears, Roebuck clerk grieved with the widow and sent her a tombstone catalog.

Bosses—For the great task of bossing Sears, Roebuck and Co., Maj. Gen. Robert E. Wood has a background of big jobs. *Uncle Sam* sent him to the Canal Zone to help dig the Big Ditch six years after the six-foot youth had been graduated from West Point. Promptly Wood rose to the job of bossing housing and distribution of supplies. As a colonel of infantry during the World War, he sailed for France, there took charge of all ports, water terminals



Styles change, prices change: items from past and present Sears, Roebuck catalogs

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and shipping in France and England. In 1924, he joined Sears as director of retail store and factory operations. Four years later, the ramrod-backed executive became President.

Lessing J. Rosenwald, Chairman of Sears, Roebuck Directors, shuttles busily among his offices in Philadelphia, Chicago and New York City. In leisure moments, he collects rare editions, old prints, nurses his numerous philanthropies. To prepare himself for the post left vacant by the death of his noted father, Julius, Lessing started with the company as a shipping clerk.

HUNT AND PECK: Champion Typist Bats Out 131 Words a Minute to Win $1,000 Purse

On the light-flooded tan-bark floor of Toronto's great Coliseum a whistle shrilled, a stop-watch clicked, ninety-one typewriters broke into a furious clatter. From dim ringside seats, 8,000 suddenly silent spectators stared out at ninety-one men and women crouched before the machines, their faces tense, their fingers flying. Behind side-lines, coaches, trainers, some armed with field-glasses, and mechanics, hovered watchfully. Another international championship typewriting contest was under way as a feature of the Canadian National Exhibition of 1936.

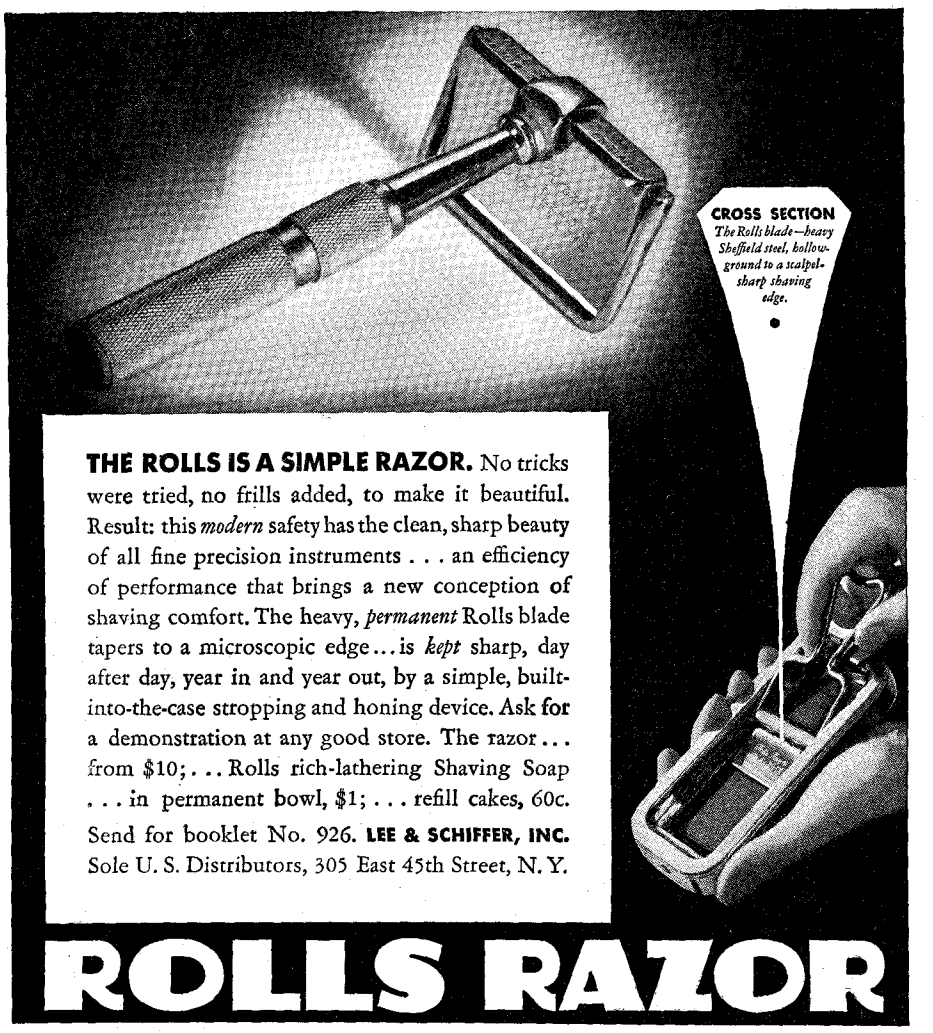
Of the ninety-one whose fingers flew, eighty-four were amateurs, many of them novices, striving only for Canadian honors in fifteen and thirty-minute heats. Far more interesting to onlookers were seven top-notch professionals battling for a $1,000 purse and the title "World's Champion Typist." The winner would be that one of them who tapped out the most words in one hour's writing from unfamiliar copy.

In such contests, a "word" is five strokes on the typewriter. The total number written is determined by dividing by five the aggregate strokes in the printed copy used. For every error, however slight, ten words are deducted from the gross count.

The Winner—World-winner at Toronto was broad-shouldered George Hossfield, a record-holder of West Englewood, New Jersey, whose favorite Underwood machine produced 40,686 strokes (8,137 "words") in sixty minutes. Penalized for only twenty-six errors, Hossfield's net score was 7,877 "words," an average of more than 131 a minute. Runner-up was another Underwood user, Barney Stapert, of Hawthorne, New Jersey, whose minute-average was 129 "words." Missing the coveted title, Stapert won $500 in cash.

Both American finger-speeders are Underwood Company employees, veterans of many a typewriting contest. For Hossfield, the championship victory was his ninth, his first having been captured in 1918. In 1929 his Underwood set a world's record of 135 29/60 typed words a minute, since unbeaten. Nearest to it was scored this year at Chicago by Albert Tangora, of New York, who typed 135 19/60 a minute. Hossfield was not in that Chicago trial.

Training and Trials—Speedster typists train for their contests as do athletes for track events. They exercise, diet, sleep on schedule, devote themselves to grueling all-day practise. Tapping keys to produce twelve strokes a second is but part of their test. They must insert paper in their machines so that the finished page shoots out and the new one appears with hardly a missed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stroke. They must be indifferent to the applause of audiences, to the distracting accidental noises that come inevitably from the "bleachers." An enthusiast's yell may be disastrous to taut nerves.

Printed copy used in typewriting contests may vary greatly, may be more or less difficult for nimble-fingered competitors. In the recent Chicago trial, dusky Cortez Peters, of Washington, finished second in a field of three, writing 133 words a minute. At Toronto immediately afterwards, he typed only 125 words a minute because the copy was less easy to reproduce, yet was judged to have written a better text.

Typing Tides—Perhaps for the same reason, Champion Hossfield has not since bettered the record which he hung up in 1929. After his Toronto victory, he explained why a man may write more than 135 words a minute in one contest and only 131 in another: "For the same reason that a swimmer might do a given distance in five minutes with the tide, yet take ten minutes to do it against the tide."

"But are there tides in typewriting contests?" he was asked.

"Definitely yes—surging tides of combinations of words that slow you up. On a single page of to-night's copy, for instance, there were twenty-two double letters. For each of them, the striking finger must wait for the key to come back."

STABLE DIAMONDS: British Corporation Leads in World-Wide Market Safeguards

The master diamond-cutter had a weak heart. Apprehensively, a doctor and two nurses eyed him in his cluttered Amsterdam shop as he bent, hammer in hand, over the one and one-third-pound rough diamond. Europe's experts had studied the gem's planes and angles for three years, figured to a millimeter its line of cleavage. Now a false blow might split the gem the wrong way, ruin a $1,000,000 investment—and stop the diamond cleaver's heart.

The master cutter sucked in his breath, swung his mallet. The diamond split cleanly. The cutter, Joseph Ascher, sank to his knees with a sigh, was treated by the doctor anyway, spent the next three months nursing a nervous breakdown. That was in 1908. From his hammer had come the famous Cullinan diamonds.

Next May, in Westminster Abbey, Imperial dignitaries, world royalty, Oriental princes will blink in restrained excitement as King Edward VIII dons the gem-studded coronation crown, takes up the jeweled scepter. Topping the scepter will be the Cullinan I, rechristened the Star of Africa (see cut). Shedding a cold blue gleam from the crown will be the Cullinan II.

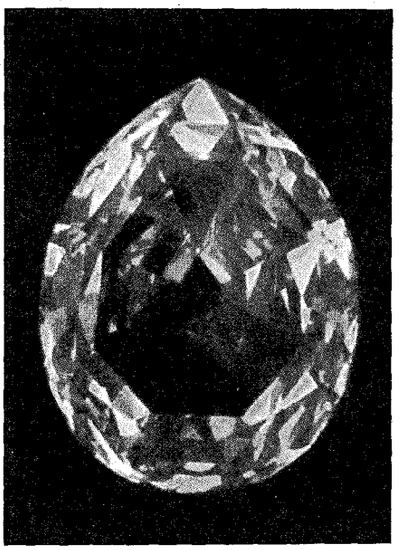
Another Giant—Last April, in an eleventh-story workshop close to New York City's Wall Street, a stout-hearted, six-foot master cutter and his son cleaved another fabulous diamond, the five-ounce Jonker. World gem experts had disagreed with Lazare Kaplan as to the 726-carat (a carat weighs .2 grams, 1/150th of an ounce) gem's line of cleavage.

Kaplan had won his spurs as a boy diamond-cutter in his uncle's shop in Antwerp. At twenty-two, he headed one of Europe's most noted diamond-cutting establishments. Confidently, he studied the Jonker's crystallization, spent twelve months determining exactly the planes along which to cleave. He declared the gem a structural freak, stuck obstinately to his opinion. Harry Winston, the stone's importer and owner, backed him up. Lloyd's of London refused to insure the cutting. The risk was too great.

Down swung Kaplan's mallet. The $450,000 diamond split cleanly. Kaplan was right, the world's experts wrong.*

No such care is needed to cut and polish the $50,000,000 worth of run-of-the-mill diamonds produced in a good year. In Amsterdam, Antwerp, London and, to a lesser degree, in New York City, cutters guide diamond-dusted wheels which prepare the gems taken mostly from South Africa's pipe mines, from the alluvial mines of Southwest Africa's Gold Coast and the Congo.

Market Guarded—But exceeding care is exercised in keeping world diamond prices stable. Under the jealous direction of the Diamond Corporation of London, controller of 95 per cent. of the world's rough diamond output through mine ownership and contracts with producers, world market prices vary but little during normal times.



Courtesy Harry Winston

The Star of Africa: the tops in diamonds to tip the scepter of King Edward

In fat producing years, the corporation enlarges its stocks, prevents diamonds from glutting the world market. In lean producing years, it sells. Toward the big cutting-firms in Brussels and Amsterdam, toward brokers in London and the world over, its executives in the drab building at 8 Charterhouse Street, London, sedulously cultivate a suave, leave-it-or-take-it attitude. Always the corporation does business only on its own terms. For that reason, the London diamond market was held serenely above the near panic in other centers in 1932-'33. By withholding uncut stones from sale the corporation prevented a runaway deflation in diamond values.

Barometer—Last week in Amsterdam, the Dutch diamond industry, barometer of international purchasing power, reported the nation's gem-cutters had imported about $6,907,520 worth of rough, uncut diamonds in the first six months of this year. This almost doubled the $3,572,760 imports for the similar 1935 period. Exports of finished diamonds, chiefly to the United States, had leaped sharply also.

Swiftly the diamond industry was regaining its predepression health. From 5,519,645 carats in 1934, world production increased last year to 7,300,000 carats, valued at about $30,000,000, a 45 per cent. boost over the preceding year.

Greatest stimulant to reviving industry is the upward surge toward spending in the United States. *Uncle Sam* provides the richest diamond market by gobbling 75 to 80 per cent. (dollar volume) of world output. Last year, importers brought into this country $19,800,000 of gems (all but about 5 per cent. diamonds) and $4,293,000 of bort, or inferior diamonds for industrial purposes. In the first half of this year, America imported $13,038,541 of cut and uncut gems.

America boasts no diamond-cutting centers comparable to those of Holland, Belgium and Germany. Before 1929, New York cutting firms employed about 600 workmen, prepared 15 to 30 per cent. of diamonds bought by Americans. Unable to meet the low wage competition from abroad, however, American cutting has dwindled and now employs about 200 men.

Diamonds in Distress—Harassed investors, now eying world currencies that threaten to go berserk in inflation, show increasing disposition to put capital into diamonds. Pursuing this course, they have played no small part in helping the diamond industry back to its feet.

But while the diamond withstands assaults on the price system more stanchly than any other commodity, owners may find it extremely difficult to liquidate gems in times of stress.

During the lean years, for instance, myriad desperate owners dumped their diamonds into brokers' laps as security for margins, sought to turn them into cash.

Because countless holders sought to do the same thing, or to sell, prices slithered downward. In 1926 (peak year for diamond prices) a good, one-carat diamond cost $625 on Fifth Avenue, in New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago. By 1929, prices had receded sharply. The ring then cost $500. In 1932, the ring had toppled to $225, about 36 per cent. of its high. Currently, it costs about $375, about 60 per cent. of its top value in 1926.

Limited Auctions—For forty years, a prominent lending firm which makes loans on gems found it necessary to auction only about 1 per cent. of its sparkling collateral. During the depression, it turned over to auctioneers 10 per cent. of its diamond pledges.

Thoughtful owners who found that diamonds are not wholly secure investments compared the drop in diamond values with the experiences of fifty average stocks and stumbled upon a startling similarity.

In September, 1929, fifty stocks achieved an all-time average high of 311.90 (New York *Times* averages). In January, 1932, the average price had tobogganed to 80.88, which was 35.6 per cent. of the high. Observers found diamonds, too, had shrunk to 36 per cent. of their high* but they find cheer now in the fact that, while stocks have recovered to 44 per cent. of their top prices, diamonds have bounded back to 60 per cent.**

*Twelve gems will be cut from the Jonker. Among them will be a 165-carat emerald-cut stone.

*Diamond values based on prices obtained at auctions of a prominent loan company.

**In the face of diamond dumping throughout the world, the practical monopoly of the Diamond Corporation could not stem the price tide. The corporation kept uncut diamonds off the market, refused for months to hold sales, thus bolstering the market somewhat, but not fully.

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Mail

(*Continued from page 2*)

Baby Derby

Sir:—In reading your article on the Toronto "Baby Derby" in THE LITERARY DIGEST for August 29, I was disappointed. Altho you stuck to all the facts concerning this affair, you placed no emphasis on its horror.

I quite realize that your excellent magazine has never made a practise of inserting its own opinion; yet, you can always quote some comment.

In connection with this derby, there was a sympathetic and scathing article in the *Pictorial Review* a few months ago. It certainly condemned the idea by graphically describing in just what condition are the mothers and babies. If 10 per cent. of them ever enjoy abundant health, it will be one of the world's wonders that they do.

In your article you ask: "Why did Millar make such a will?" You explain that it may have been his "extraordinary sense of humor." Perverted is the word—not extraordinary. For a man, a lawyer, who has attained some degree of wealth and success, to make such a will, and yet have no idea of what misery, greed, anxiety and beastliness it will engender among the very poor, is scarcely imaginable.

I hope, when you touch on this topic again, you will go to some of our Canadian editors and get their candid opinions.

DONALD A. C. MCGILL.

Vancouver.

The Hamilton Hotel

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 15, there is quite a disparaging statement made with reference to the Hamilton Hotel. I do not know which of your usually accurate correspondents wrote this story, but certainly his observations in this connection were somewhat befuddled.

In the first place, there is nothing "discreet" about the lace curtains in the Gold Room, nor are the gold chairs tiny or their seats worn. Neither is the Gold Room shabby or "Victorian in its splendor."

For your information, the Gold Room was built only two years ago, and furnished by one of Washington's most celebrated interior decorators, Miss Genevieve Hendricks. While the room is not of the modernistic or futuristic motif, it is in perfect condition in every way, and had your reporter's vision been as clear as might be desired, he would have found that the Hamilton is one of the most modern hotels in the country.

During the past two years, we have completely refurnished and redecorated the interior, air-conditioning not only all the public rooms, but every guest-room in the hotel as well.

RICHARD S. BUTLER,
Manager.

Washington, D. C.

Yellowstone Hospitality

Sir:—In the August 15 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, speaking of "tin-can tourists," you say: "In the West, however, at Yellowstone National Park, the presence of thousands of 'tin-can tourists' has caused a peculiar situation. Restaurants and cabin-camps resent the invasion; it is hurting their business. Food stores and filling stations welcome it; their receipts have boomed."

It is true that the stores and filling stations in the park welcome trailer travel. It is also true that their receipts have boomed. However, travel here this year has increased 40 per cent. over last year. . . . At no time have operators of restaurants or cabin-camps expressed the slightest resentment toward trailer visitors in the park; in fact, it has taxed all available accommodations to take care of the thousands flocking to such areas as Old Faithful and the Yellowstone Canyon.

In fairness to the National Park Service and to the operators in Yellowstone National Park, all of whom give the same welcome to a visitor whether he comes on the back of a burro or in the latest imported limousine, we would appreciate your correcting the erroneous impression which your article has created.

EDMUND B. ROGERS.
Superintendent.

Yellowstone Park.

[Mr. Rogers, no doubt, has explained the situation inside the Park more accurately than has our news correspondent from a near-by town.

Hotel and restaurant owners in the towns in the vicinity of the Park, however, have reported a falling off of trade and have laid the blame at the mobile door of the trailer.—*Editor.*]

© New York American

"DO WE KNOW THOSE MEN, GRACE? THEY'RE YELLING AT US!"

Choose Your Side

Sir:—On August 27, the Fargo (N. Dak.) *Forum* front-paged, in a special edition, a photograph of cattle grazing on the State Capitol grounds at Bismarck, North Dakota, taken by a Works Progress Administration photographer, and distributed through WPA headquarters in Washington, with the charge that the picture was faked.

On September 2, under the caption "It Is An Honest Picture," *The Forum* reproduced the State Capitol grazing picture, and said:

"The picture of these cows was not, as the Fargo *Forum* believed and said when it first branded this shot as a faked picture of the drought, superimposed on a picture of the Capitol itself.

"It is an honest picture."

MORTON M. MILFORD,
WPA Director of Public Relations.

Washington, D. C.

[On September 10, *The Forum* retracted its retraction of September 2.

Altho the photograph is not a fake, *The Forum* said, the use to which it was put was misleading—making the photo a "drought fake," in that cattle, drought or no drought, frequently meander through the Capitol grounds.—*Editor.*]

Facts About Jews

Sir:—Obviously, Mr. Rich and Mr. Pike know very little about Jewish life. For their benefit, as well as for that of the rest of your readers, a few facts:

Jews have their religion, of course, but a majority of them are indifferent to religion.

They do not consider themselves a separate race; any number of them speak of themselves only as members of the white race. Jews are a normal people minus an integral territory. The territory, however, has been promised them by the League of Nations, which gave a Mandate to England with the latter's obligation to help achieve that goal.

Worcester, Massachusetts. NAHUM GRAY.

Sports

Sir:—Hats off to THE LITERARY DIGEST! Especially to your sports department. I've never seen anything improve so much as has "Sport and Sportsmen" in the last few months.

I'm one of those people who like to read about sports but find too much repetition in the sports departments of most of the magazines. I like baseball, football and other popular sports but I find plenty about them in the daily papers. What I like about THE LITERARY DIGEST is the way it flavors the page with interesting articles on other sports.

Keep feeding us articles like the one on the "Hambletonian" in the August 22 issue; on archery in the August 8 issue; on midget racing in the July 18 issue, and last but not the least (they prompted this letter), the two articles in the September 12 issue—one on the Amateur Golf Championship and the other on trail riding for horsemen. We love 'em!

G. CAMPBELL.

Los Angeles.

Philip Nolan

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 18 you say, "To-day, one may travel over the highway called Nolan's Trace, blazed by Philip Nolan of 'The Man Without a Country.' Over it once moved ox-carts laden with silver, cattle for the New Orleans market, soldiers of fortune and disgruntled politicians."

According to the above, Philip Nolan was a real person; yet in the "Encyclopedia Americana," concerning Edward Everett Hale, we read: "His short story, 'The Man Without a Country,' has long been accounted an American classic (and), was indeed accepted as a record of fact by many readers on its first appearance in 1863, altho the theme is in its conception most improbable, and its author was obliged to state at a later date that it had no foundation in fact."

How do you reconcile these two statements?

Pago Pago, Samoa. THOS. L. KIRKPATRICK.

[Edward Everett Hale apparently based the character, not the plot, of his epic poem on the career of an ill-fated adventurer, Philip Nolan. Nolan's Trace is mentioned in "The New Louisiana," Official State Administration Inaugural Publication for 1936.—*Editor.*]

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Between the Lines

• A GEM OF A STORY •

An inconspicuous five-line item buried at the bottom of one of the inside columns of a financial paper caught the eye of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Financial Editor.

..BOOM IN DIAMONDS. RISING PRICES IN AMSTERDAM...

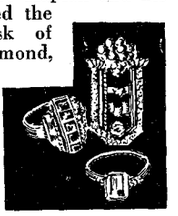
"There may be a gem of a story there. Run it down."

Phone in hand, an assistant sent cables to Amsterdam for complete details, daily figures, interviews with the world's foremost diamond brokers on the possible causes of the boom.

Already, he was thinking in terms of the significant rather than the obvious, the news *behind* the news. Did the spurt in diamond buying mean a spurt in luxury buying generally? Was it another indication that the world depression was over? Or did it mean only that people were buying for liquid investment—fearful, perhaps, of war; of the collapse of their currencies; of another depression?

Waiting for Amsterdam's answer, the Assistant Editor put a corps of researchers to plowing through encyclopedias, newspaper files and jewelry trade magazines, digging out facts, figures, history.

Other researchers wired and telephoned America's biggest importers of diamonds and other precious stones, gem experts, wholesale and retail jewelers. A reporter hurried out to see Lazare Kaplan and his son Leo, who performed the delicate, hazardous task of cutting the Jonker Diamond, second largest in the world.



For three days, answers, facts, statements and other data flowed toward the Financial Desk. Eventually the sheaves of reports, memos, cables and telegrams became an imposing mound of many thousands of words.

Into that mound waded the writer, sorting, selecting, discarding. Then he wove his story from the brightest, strongest threads—interlacing the sturdy woof of fact with the vivid, piquant warp of swift-flowing English.

That story appears on Page 46 of this week's "Literary Digest." It is not the biggest story in this week's news-packed issue. But the effort, the care, the skill that went into its preparation are typical of what "The Digest" does every week with every story.

That "The Digest" has been a leader in its field for forty-seven years is no accident. It is the result of forty-seven years of work.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Efficiency.—A retailer, on receiving the first delivery of a large order, was annoyed to find the goods not up to sample. "Cancel my order immediately," he wired to the manufacturers.

They replied: "Regret can not cancel immediately. You must take your turn."—*Calendar.*

Professor's Wife.—"Hello; is that the police station?"

"Yes, what's the matter?"

"I just wanted to tell you that you need not search for my husband. I found him myself. He had forgotten to take off his overcoat, and I hung him in the closet by mistake."—*Berliner Illustrierte.*

A Poser.—HE—"You've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

She did not reply.

"I said you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

"I heard you the first time. I was trying to think."—*Cornell Widow.*

Polite.—A New York traffic expert says that the London drivers and chauffeurs enliven many occasions by their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way, leaned over and very politely inquired:

"I say, sir, may I ask what are your plans?"—*New York Daily News.*

Ad Lib.—"I would advise you, madam," instructed the doctor, "to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air and dress in cool clothes."

"What did the doctor say?" inquired the husband an hour later.

"He said I ought to go to Atlantic City and then to the mountains," related the wife. "Also that I must get some new light gowns at once."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Rest in Peace.—A party of sailors were being shown over the cathedral by a guide.

"Behind the altar," he told them, "lies Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots; also Henry the Eighth. And who," he demanded, halting above an unmarked flagstone, "who do you think is a-lying 'ere?"

"Well," answered a salt, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Delay.—"A nice sort of welcome!" said the father, visiting his son at a boarding-school. "I am hardly out of the train when you ask me for money."

"Well, dad, you must admit the train was twenty minutes late."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Gob Humor.—"Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

"Yes."

"Any results?"

"Yes—I've got to give up smoking cigars."—*U.S.S. Reina Mercedes Galleon.*

Brevity.—"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl, "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."—*The Veteran.*

Only Thing Left.—A man who took great pride in his lawn found this year, to his dismay, a heavy crop of dandelions. He did his best to uproot them, trying every known device to get rid of them.

As his efforts were unsuccessful, it occurred to him finally that as the Government was helping the farmer and rendering so many services, he should write to the Department of Agriculture about his dandelions.

So he depicted in a letter his wos at great length, enumerating all the things that he had tried and done, and ended his letter by saying, "What do I do now?"

In due course a reply came, stating, "We suggest you learn to love them."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Gabrilowitsch—late composer (page 39)—he called himself *gah-bree-law'vitch.*

Oung Chao-yuan—Chinese military leader (page 17)—as if spelled *oong chow-yan.*

Vicente Rao—Brazilian Minister (page 15)—roll the *r: vi-sen'ty rrow* (*ow* of *how*).

Tsai Ting-kai—Chinese general (page 17)—*ai* = *y* as in *by: tsy ting-ky.*

Getulio Vargas—President of Brazil—first *g* as *z* in *azure;* or, *zheh-too'li-o var'gas.*

Slips That Pass in Type

REFUSES TO GIVE
UP BITING DOG;
GETS $100 FINE
—*Chicago paper.*

Head-line hunter.

MAN SEEKING TO END
WIFE IS INJURED
OF BLAST
—*San Francisco paper.*

Well, he should have known.

The fire, of unknown origin, swept over grass and brush land and is the third fire in that area within thirty days.

Sate forestry officials were resibilty that it may have been insibility to be investigaing the poscendiary, as the other two have been.

—*Los Angeles paper.*

Or a passing tramp.

GIRL'S JAW FRACTURED
BY AUTO IN SANDWICH
—*Detroit paper.*

These drug-store chefs!

Skip it—
WAR IN SPAIN
BEING FORGOT
ON 3 FRONTS
—*Cordele (Ga.) paper.*

Name 'em!

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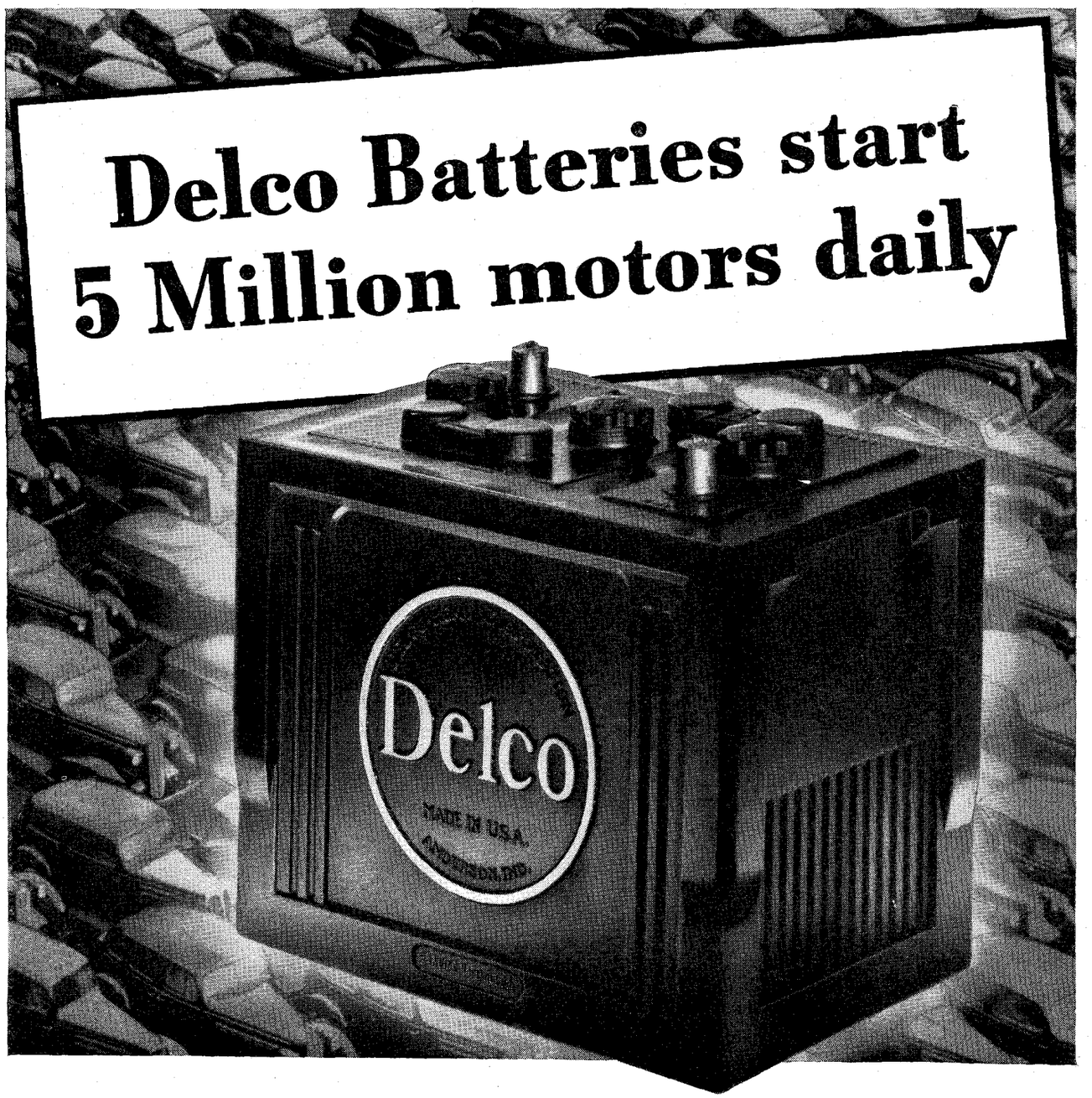

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